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# THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

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MARCH, 1799.

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## MEMOIRS OF GENERAL TARLETON.

OUR navy and our army are the bulwarks of Great Britain. Hence their unspeakable utility, and their exertions in this their peculiar province demand our warmest admiration. To bring forward therefore the portraits of gallant officers, is our chief ambition, and from an authentic detail of their history the patriotic reader will reap no small entertainment. The subject of the present memoir merits our attention. His career, indeed, has been chequered, but most of its incidents are pregnant with instruction. A soldier's life is proverbially varied; the bustle of martial fame is incompatible with the tranquillity of sober retirement.

To a gentleman of eminence in the mercantile world General Tarleton owes his birth, about the year 1755. He is the second son of the late Mr. John Tarleton, who was a wealthy merchant at Liverpool. He was designed by his father for the lucrative profession of the law. With this view he was at a proper age sent to Oxford, and from thence removed to London, where he entered himself a student at the Temple. In this respect every thing was done for him which might mature his talents, and render him eminent in the department to which he was now apparently destined. But these prospects speedily vanished. Whether the study of the law was too dry, or whether sufficient application was not given

to master its difficulties, cannot be ascertained. It is an indisputable fact, that the profession was relinquished. It has been, indeed, suggested, that young Tarleton immersed himself deeply in the gay and fashionable world. This circumstance may easily be believed, for youth, except a tight rein be held over their imagination and passions, will not seriously devote itself to moral and intellectual improvement.

Soon after this change of situation, the subject of this sketch turned his mind to the military department. The prospect of fame and distinction to be acquired in this line fired his ambition, and he entered into the army with a determination of distinguishing himself in the service of his country.

When General Tarleton had turned his attention to arms, the American war had for some time commenced, and was raging in the height of its fury. America, therefore, was the theatre on which he attempted to raise himself, and he went thither with one of the annual reinforcements sent to Sir Henry Clinton. Upon his arrival, he immediately applied himself to the reduction of the *Trans-atlantic* rebels, but found that he had undertaken a task which could not be easily accomplished. The Americans fought in what they deemed the sacred cause of Liberty, and this consideration inspired them with redoubled energy. The contest was long and severe, the fortune of war on both sides very various, till at last the colonists, aided by foreign nations, became victorious. We are far from charging the British generals with any deficiency of courage or exertion, the defect lay in the cause itself, and had the advice of certain enlightened statesmen been regarded, America might have still remained united to the mother country. General Tarleton, however, acted with great spirit during the continuance of this most unhappy contest. He distinguished himself in various actions, and his name will not be soon forgotten on the Western Continent.

In

In the year 1780, his activity was so great, that we find his name in almost every dispatch that reached the British court. *These* successes were too considerable to be here passed over in silence.

It appears from Sir Henry Clinton's letter to Lord George Germain, dated Charles-Town, South Carolina, May 13, 1780, that General Tarleton greatly contributed to the taking of that place on the 8th of the preceding month. He cut off the American supplies destined to relieve the besieged, and thus facilitated their surrender. Without such an exertion it is questioned whether Charles-Town would have yielded to the British arms. He was afterwards immediately sent to scour the country, and encountered with success more than once a superior body of the enemy's cavalry.

He next distinguished himself, in the month of May, by an almost incredible march, of one hundred and five miles in two days, from Charles-Town to Warfaw. Here he defeated Colonel Burford, whose force so greatly exceeded his own, that the number of the killed, wounded, and prisoners, exceeded that of the whole band with which he attacked the enemy.

But his defeat of General Sumpter, on the 18th of August, was deemed the master-piece of his exertions. He came upon him by surprise, at noon-day, and overcame his detachment, consisting of seven hundred men. It is remarkable, that though one hundred and fifty were killed, and two hundred taken, yet his entire force amounted only to three hundred and fifty men. This took place immediately after the victory obtained by Lord Cornwallis over General Gates, near Camden, in which General Tarleton bore a principal part. The successful effort against Sumpter, therefore, was well timed; it roused the spirit of the British troops, it animated them with fresh vigour. Our affairs in that part of the world at this period were much reduced; such

successes then were acceptable, nor were they without their utility.

But we are not to confine the activity of General Tarleton to the year 1780; in the month of May 1781, he aided Lord Cornwallis in his victory over General Green, at Guildford-court. He is mentioned by his Lordship in the most handsome manner; for speaking of the engagement, it is remarked, that "*his appearance and spirited attack contributed much to a speedy determination of the action.*"

These are the principal scenes in which General Tarleton distinguished himself during the American contest. We have not entered into the particulars of these respective engagements. They are to be found in every history of that unhappy war. A short account of them has been here introduced in order to shew that the martial conduct of the subject of these memoirs is deserving of admiration. Few officers have been more strenuous in their exertions for their country. Activity seems to be the prominent feature of his character, and this trait, in persons of his profession, cannot be too sedulously cultivated, nor too warmly commended. This characterized *Wolfe* and *Marlborough*, and has endeared their memory to posterity.

General Tarleton returned home from America soon after the year 1783, when a general peace was established. How he has since passed his time we have not been particularly informed. But we entertain no doubt of his occupations having been honourable to his own character, and beneficial to his country. In the course of the present war he has ranked himself among the distinguished members of the Opposition. His speeches in parliament, on various occasions, have been admired. Being a member for the town of Liverpool, he voted in behalf of the Slave Trade, and this circumstance has been deemed inconsistent with those principles of liberty which, in other respects, he warmly cherished. He is said, however, to have voted in obedience to his constituents;



stituents ; be this as it may, we regret his having given countenance in the least degree to the execrable cause of oppression. The day, we trust, is approaching, when the *poor African*, in spite of every impediment, shall regain his long-lost liberty !

The late marriage of General Tarleton to Miss Bertie, niece of Lady Cholmondeley, is well known. We sincerely wish that he and his fair partner may enjoy every species of domestic felicity.

The recent appointment of this brave and able officer to act in Portugal, whither he and his lady have already embarked, must give pleasure to his numerous friends. Such talents for military exertion should not be suffered to languish for the want of exercise. While the War is continued, it is our duty and interest to select those persons who may be the most likely to hasten its termination. That these multiplied scenes of hostility may be conducive to the establishment of PEACE, is the wish of every benevolent heart. This, indeed, is the only plea on which a war may be justly commenced, or continued. Its innumerable evils, both at home and abroad, affect the feeling mind with the utmost poignancy, nor can we cease praying for that auspicious period when hostilities shall be no more !—The *peace-maker* is, in our humble opinion, a more truly honourable character than all the conquerors in the world.

## THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXV.]

## MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED.

- " I, who e're while, the happy garden sung  
 " By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
 " *Recover'd Paradise* to all mankind,  
 " By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
 " Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd,  
 " In all his wiles defeated and repuls'd,  
 " And *Eden* rais'd in the waste wilderness."

## MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED.

TO the same comprehensive genius are the Public indebted for *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The productions indeed differ widely from each other; both, however, display an ability which commands our admiration. The mind of Milton was an extraordinary mind. It exerted itself in every direction, and thus raised its possessor in an eminent degree above the common herd of mortals.

Having already examined *Paradise Lost*, we proceed to the consideration of its counterpart, from which it ought not to be separated.

PARADISE REGAINED has for its subject, the victory of the Son of God over the Tempter in the Wilderness. Hence, in some respects, it may be termed a *poetical detail* of that remarkable scene of probation. The poet, indeed, has taken liberties with his theme, nor can his departure from the facts of history be censured. It was his intention to impress the reader's imagination with the solemnity and importance of the subject. In this poem we do not meet with that variety of incident, and those flights of fancy, which enchain and astonish the attention. Unlike in this respect to *Paradise Lost*, it is conducted with greater sobriety, and every part seems drawn up for the instruction

tion more than for the delight of the reader. The elevation and depression of angels, the counsels of heaven, and the designs of hell, are not delineated with that boldness of imagery which distinguished his former poem. The scenes in *Paradise Regained* are chiefly confined to this world, therefore an extensive range is excluded, the mind is more confined, and the effect of course less impressive. The whole consists of dialogues between Satan and the Messiah, the sentiments are appropriate, the language simple, and the tendency serious and instructive. It is divided into *four* books, each of which contains about *five hundred* lines. No one can complain of the length to which it is extended; it certainly possesses the merit of brevity.

It is now the general opinion of the critics, that *Paradise Regained* is not sufficiently estimated. Inferior, indeed, it must be pronounced to *Paradise Lost*; but it is not on this account to be depreciated. The precepts inculcated in the respective speeches of Satan and the Messiah, are highly interesting, and shew that Milton had no scanty superficial acquaintance with the human heart. He had studied mankind successfully, and marked with a discriminating eye the virtues and the vices by which they are distinguished. Over the wide and extended map of human nature he had pored for many an hour with studious intenseness. The larger and the lesser lines, the greater and the more minute departments, were by him thoroughly understood. In his capacious mind stores of knowledge were treasured up, drawn from every corner of the universe. It was not, therefore, to be expected that such a man should be unacquainted with that very species of beings of which he was at once both the pride and the glory!

As the poem of *Paradise Lost* is in general too much neglected, we shall take the liberty of introducing passages of some length, in order to aid the reader in the formation of his opinion. If we are not deceived, he will admire their nature and tendency.

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The concluding lines of the *first* book thus beautifully characterise Satan and the Messiah; the former is requesting access to the latter :

..... Most men admire  
Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me  
To hear thee when I come, (since no man comes)  
And talk at least, tho' I despair t' attain.  
Thy Father, who is holy, wise and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying or vowing ; and vouchsaf'd his voice  
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspir'd ; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow.  
Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
I bid not or forbid ; do as thou find'st  
Permission from above ; thou canst not more.

He added not ; and Satan bowing low  
His grey dissimulation, disappear'd  
Into thin air diffus'd ; for now began  
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade  
The desert, fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;  
And now wild beasts come forth the woods to roam.

In the *second* book, Satan having declared—

Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain :  
While virtue, valour, wisdom sit in want.

Our Saviour thus emphatically replies :

Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt  
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms ? yet not, for that a crown,  
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights  
To him who wears the regal diadem,

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When on his shoulders each man's burden lies :  
 For therein stands the office of a king,  
 His honour, virtue, merit and chief praise,  
 That for the public all this weight he bears.  
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
 Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;  
 Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains :  
 And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
 Cities of men or head-strong multitudes,  
 Subject himself to anarchy within,  
 Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
 But to guide nations in the way of truth  
 By saving doctrine, and from error led  
 To know, and knowing, worship God aright,  
 Is yet more kingly ; this attracts the soul,  
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part :  
 That other o'er the body only reigns ;  
 And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind,  
 So reigning, can be no sincere delight.  
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
 Far more magnanimous than to assume.  
 Riches are needless then, both for themselves,  
 And for thy reason why they should be fought,  
 To gain a sceptre, oftest better mis'd.

The *third* book presents the following admirable sentiments delivered by the Messiah to Satan, who had been boasting of glory :—

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
 The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd ?  
 And what the people but a herd confus'd,  
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the praise ?  
 They praise and they admire they know not what ;  
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other :  
 And what delight to be by such extol'd,  
 To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,  
 Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise ?  
 His lot who dares be singularly good.

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Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.  
 This is true glory and renown, when God  
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks  
 The just man, and divulges him through heav'n  
 To all his angels, who with true applause  
 Recount his praises; thus he did to Job,  
 When to extend his fame through heav'n and earth  
 (As thou to thy reproach mayst well remember)  
 He ask'd thee, hast thou seen my servant Job?  
 Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known,  
 Where glory is false glory, attributed  
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.  
 They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
 Great cities by assault: What do these worthies,  
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote,  
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy;  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
 Worship'd with temple, priest and sacrifice;  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,  
 Till conqu'ror death discover them scarce men;  
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward?  
 But if there be in glory aught of good,  
 It may by means far different be attain'd  
 Without ambition, war, or violence;  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance.

From the *fourth* and last book we shall select the description of the *Tempest* in the Wilderness, it is thus energetically depicted:—

..... Either tropic now  
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n. The clouds  
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From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd  
 Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire  
 In ruin reconcil'd; nor slept the winds  
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
 On the vast wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
 Though rooted deep, as high and sturdiest oaks  
 Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts  
 Or torn up sheer: ill wast thou shrouded then,  
 O patient Son of God, yet only stoodst  
 Unshaken: nor yet staid the terror there;  
 Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round  
 Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,  
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
 Sat'st unappal'd in calm and sinless peace.  
 Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey;  
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
 Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
 And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd,  
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
 And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet  
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
 Who all things now beheld more fresh and green,  
 After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

Here the genius which shines throughout almost every page of *Paradise Lost*, breaks forth with resplendent lustre. Nature is represented with exquisite faithfulness and beauty. The horrors of the storm contrasted with the glories of the succeeding morning must impress the most obdurate heart, and delight the most frigid imagination.

We have been the more profuse in our quotations for the reasons already specified. And we are persuaded, that whoever takes up and peruses this valuable poem will be repaid for his labour. The justest views of human

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man life are here delineated; false maxims are exploded, and every thing conspires to enlarge, establish, and perpetuate the empire of righteousness.

The singular origin, and also a character of this poem, shall be subjoined in the words of Bishop Newton;—

“ The first thought of *Paradise Regained* was owing to Elwood, the quaker, as he himself relates the occasion in the history of his life. When Milton lent him the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* at Chalfont, and he returned it, Milton asked him how he liked it, and what he thought of it; which I modestly but freely told him, says Elwood, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him :—“ Thou hast said much of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?” He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse, then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject. When Elwood afterwards waited upon him in London, Milton showed him his *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to him :—“ This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.” It is commonly reported, that Milton himself preferred this poem to the *Paradise Lost*, but all that we can assert upon good authority is, that he could not endure to hear this poem cried down so much as it was, in comparison with the other. For certainly it is very worthy of the author, and (contrary to what Mr. Toland relates) Milton may be seen in *Paradise Regained* as well as in *Paradise Lost*; if it is inferior in poetry, I know not whether it is not superior in sentiment; if it is less descriptive, it is more argumentative; if it doth not sometimes rise so high, neither doth it ever sink so low, and it has not met with the approbation it deserves, only because it has not been more read and considered. His subject indeed is confined, and he has a narrow foundation to build upon; but he has raised as noble a superstructure as such little room and such  
scanty



scanty materials would allow. The great beauty of it is the contrast between the two characters of the Tempter and our Saviour, the artful sophistry and specious insinuations of the one, refuted by the strong sense and manly eloquence of the other."

We conclude with the opinion of Dr. Johnson; his account of this poem is brief but expressive:

"Of *Paradise Regained* the general judgment seems now to be right, that it is in many parts elegant, and everywhere instructive. It was not to be supposed that the writer of *Paradise Lost* could ever write without great effusions of fancy, and exalted precepts of wisdom. The basis of *Paradise Regained* is narrow; a dialogue without action can never please like an union of the narrative and dramatic powers. Had this poem been written not by Milton, but by some imitator, it would have claimed and received—universal praise."

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### GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXVII.]

#### CHARLES XII. AND ARCHIMEDES

WERE very different men, yet both in similar circumstances gave similar proofs of their uncommon power of abstracting their attention. "What has the bomb to do with what you are writing to Sweden?" said the hero to his pale secretary, when a bomb burst through the roof of his apartment, and he continued to dictate his letter. Archimedes went on with his demonstration in the midst of a siege, and when a brutal soldier entered with a drawn sword, the philosopher only begged he might solve his beloved problem before he was put to death!

## LEE IN BEDLAM.

WHEN Lee, the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to see him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to shew him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison—Lee moralising philosophically enough all the time, to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended together to the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from this perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm—"Let us immortalize ourselves," he exclaimed, "let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down," said his friend, coolly, "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down, and try if we can *jump up again*." The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap than that which he himself had proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality!

## POWER OF NUMBERS.

THE celebrated Dr. Price calculated that a PENNY placed out at *compound interest* when our Saviour was born, at *five per cent.* would have increased ere now to a greater sum than could be contained in two hundred millions of earths in solid gold! but if placed out at *simple interest*, the same penny would only now amount to seven and ten-pence.

## DECEPTION.

Mr. ARNOLD, a friar, having occasion to go to Rome, from Paris, had long been teasing the Prime Minister to furnish him with a recommendatory letter to the Cardinal, who was the Confidential Minister of the Pope. The worthlessness of the man being sufficiently

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JOHANNES A DU HILL.

ciently known, his request was often evaded and refused. His tiresome and repeated solicitations, however, at last, produced the following; which, as soon as he obtained, he set out on his tour :

SIR,  
Mr. ARNOLD, an English Friar, who is of the Order of St. Bennet, has desired my leave to wait on you, and that he may introduce himself with this letter. He is one of the most ingenious, sensible, and least vicious persons that I ever yet amongst all I have conversed with knew, and hath earnestly requested me to write to you in his favour, to give him a letter for you of credence on his behalf, with my recommendation which I have granted to his merit, I assure you rather than opportunity, for, believe me, SIR, he is one that deserves your esteem and I shall be very sorry if you happen to be wanting in obliging him by being mistaken, in not rightly knowing him, which 'tis possible at first you may as several others have been, who do now greatly esteem him and are of my best friends. Hence, SIR, and from no other motive or design it is, that I desire to advertise you, and earnestly intreat the favour of you to take especial notice of him, and do whatever is in your power, and to say nothing in his preference that looks unkind or disrespectful in any sort; for I may truly say, I love him as I do myself, and assure you, there cannot be a more convincing argument I think of an unworthy person in the world, than any ways to treat him ill. I know that yourself, as soon as you cease to be a stranger to him, and shall come to be acquainted with him, will approve of him as well as I, and will give me thanks for this advice. The assurance I have always of your civility and respect obliges me not to say more on this subject.

Pais.

I am, SIR, yours,

JOHANNES A DU HILL.

## AN OPINION OF LONDON.

A FEW years ago, says Major Cartwright, a gentleman brought two *Esquimaux* (some of the wild inhabitants of America) to London; he wished to amuse and at the same time to astonish them with the magnificence of the metropolis. For this purpose, after having equipped them like English gentlemen, he took them out one morning to walk through the streets of London. They walked for several hours in silence; they expressed neither pleasure nor admiration at any thing which they saw. When their walk was ended they appeared uncommonly melancholy and stupified. As soon as they got home, they sat down with their elbows upon their knees, and hid their faces between their hands. The only words they could be brought to utter were:—"Too much smoke—too much noise—too much houses—too much men—too much every thing!"

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

SUCH was the fanaticism of this great man, and it should not be forgotten in this *military* age, that he had several pieces of artillery cast with this quaint and impious motto: "*Lord open thou thy lips, and our mouths shall shew forth thy praise!*"

## BAD LANGUAGE.

THE late Sir Thomas Robinson spoke very *bad* French, and the present King of Denmark *worse* English. Some hours after the King and Sir Thomas had been together, Lord Chesterfield entered, and with a very grave face consoled with Sir Thomas on the misunderstanding between him and the King. The astonished knight protested there was no truth whatever in the report, which Lord Chesterfield interrupted, by saying:—"Confess or deny, Sir Thomas, as you please; but every one knows there was *much bad language* passed between you!"

ELEGANT

## ELEGANT EAR-RINGS.

CAPT. Stout mentions, that when the Hercules was wrecked on the coast of Caffraria, the Chief gave him a bullock for himself and crew ; in return for which the Captain presented him with a pair of *paste knee buckles*, which the Chief immediately fastened to his ears by means of loops. The moment this was done he stalked about with uncommon dignity, and his people paid him greater reverence !!

## SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THE temper of this great man was such, that no accident could disturb it. He had a favourite dog, which he called Diamond, and going out of his study into the next room Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find the dog had thrown down a lighted candle among some papers ; the nearly-finished labour of many years was in flames, and almost reduced to ashes. This loss, as he was then in years, was irretrievable, yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation : Oh ! Diamond ! Diamond ! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done !”

CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT DISCARDED  
POPE.

Dr. MOORE, in his view of Italy, tells us :—“ That Pius VI. (formerly Cardinal Beaschi) performs all the religious functions of his office in the most solemn manner. I lately happened to be at St. Peter’s church when the Pope entered with very few attendants.—When he came to the statue of PETER he bowed, he knelt, he kissed the foot, then rubbed his brows and his whole head with marks of humility, fervour, and adoration upon the sacred stump. It is no more—one half of the foot having been worn away by the lips of

the pious. This uncommon appearance of zeal in the Pope is not imputed to hypocrisy or to policy, but is supposed to proceed entirely from a conviction of the efficacy of these holy frictions: an opinion which has given people a much higher opinion of his faith than of his understanding."

#### CURIOUS MOTTO.

A WEALTHY tradesman setting up his carriage, applied to a learned friend for a motto, observing at the same time that he expected to be laughed at, but did not mind that. His friend gave him for a motto:—*Quid rides?—Why laughest thou?* which equally diverted the English as well as the Latin readers.

#### AUKWARD HABITS.

Dr. DARWIN observes, that when we experience any disagreeable sensations, we endeavour to procure ourselves temporary relief by motions of those muscles and limbs which are most habitually obedient to our will. This observation extends to mental as well as to bodily pain; thus persons in violent grief wring their hands and convulse their countenances; those who are subject to the petty but acute miseries of false shame, endeavour to relieve themselves by aukward gestures and continual motions. A plough-boy, when he is brought into the presence of those whom he thinks his superiors, endeavours to relieve himself from the uneasy sensations of false shame, by twirling his hat upon his fingers, and by various uncouth gestures. Men, who think a great deal, sometimes acquire habitual aukward gestures to relieve the pain of intense thought. Addison represents, with much humour, the case of a poor man who had the habit of twirling a bit of thread round his finger, the thread was accidentally broken, and the orator stood mute! We once saw a gentleman get up to speak in a public assembly, provided with a paper of notes, written in pencil: during  
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the exordium of his speech he *thumbed* his notes with incessant agitation; when he looked at the paper he found that the words were obliterated, he was obliged to apologise to his audience, and, after much hesitation, sat down abashed!

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### ESSAY ON THE ANIMAL CREATION.

(Continued from page 167.)

WE have thus far considered *the evils* which spring from the system of government which Providence has erected, and demonstrated that the term, *evil*, ought at least to be applied in this connection with caution—That what we presume to censure is rather demonstrative of infinite wisdom and mercy.

But what shall we say of those indisputable evils which spring from the necessities, the vices, and the follies of men—Are these also demonstrative of infinite wisdom and beneficence? In this case is not the Ruler of the universe represented to the pensive mind under circumstances which must inevitably diminish our respect and veneration for him? We view him as daily giving birth to numerous orders of creatures, endued with exquisite sensibilities, exposing them for a few years to the wantonness of arrogance, the sport of cruelty, the misery of famine, the oppressions of fatigue, and then extinguishing all their faculties at once—reducing them to dust in order to make room for others who, like them, must pursue the same routine of wretchedness, and then go away unpitied and undressed—In short, as being wholly unconcerned about the workmanship of his hand, as bringing creatures into being for suffering, as forming them to be miserable.

Nor does it obviate the difficulty that the enormities which are practised upon the Brute creation will eventually be posted to the account of those who perpetrate them,

them, and constitute their proportion of the crimes which the just judgments of the Almighty will certainly avenge at the last day ; the question is not—shall the offender be punished ? But, shall the sufferer be compensated ? The anguish which an aggressor feels while writhing under the scourge of just and severe retribution, makes *no* recompence to the injured sufferer. It neither obliterates the scars from his flesh, nor restores the tone of his sinews, enfeebled by unceasing and laborious toil. It neither renews the vigour of a constitution worn down by cruel hardship, nor effaces the recollection of the countless groans and sighs through which he has arrived at all the pains and decrepitudes of an untimely old age. Separated from the prospect of giving a friendly caution to others, whose pitiless rage, wantonness, and avarice may urge them to trespass upon the patient endurance of the creatures of God, *Punishment* is nugatory. In vindicating the benignity of the Divine Being from the aspersions which the sufferings of his creatures of the description now mentioned seem to justify, we must therefore look beyond the arguments above adduced. No plea of usefulness or convenience can here be pleaded. Nor can the just judgments of the last day, which will be poured out upon the offender, erase the impression upon the mind which is hourly made. Let it not, however, be thought that we mean here to impute *guilt* to every possible degree of evil which takes place in the world; we could neither avail ourselves of the fleet vigour of the horse, nor could we turn the furrow with the sinews of the ox, (purposes for which they were undoubtedly given us) without it ; but it by no means follows, that because they are lent unto us to assist us in our labour, and to augment the pleasures of life, that we are permitted to encumber the one with all that irksome apparatus which the avarice and the prejudices of antiquity have taught us, or to force the other, panting under the most brutal and capricious of their species, to furnish



us with amusement at the expence of their sweat, their sinews, and their lives. In short, every pang which is felt beyond what the indispensable necessities of the case exact, every anguish that is borne which it was in our power to have obviated, is the work of wantonness and cruelty, which either impeaches the benevolence that permits it, or looks forward to a recompence eventually to be bestowed. Nay, start not, meek and humble reader, at a future recompence to be bestowed upon the suffering brute: Is there any thing abhorrent, but to the spirit of arrogance and pride in the supposition? Is there any thing in it derogatory to the divine perfections? So far from it, so many presumptions unite to stamp the seal of probability upon it, that we are certainly justified in looking forward with hope, if not with confidence, to a day when he, who watcheth over the sparrow and the raven, will arise to avenge the oppression of the oppressed, and to repay the sufferings of his unoffending creation!

That it is *possible* for the suffering brute to be eventually raised to a situation something correspondent to that glorious state to which *Man* aspires, cannot be denied. Every thing is possible but that which militates against the divine perfections, and is inconsistent with them, which we presume is by no means the case with the question before us. Add to which, the same reasons which led the heathens of old to conclude that immortality was reserved for the upright, teach us to infer that a future recompence is also prepared for the meek, unoffending, yet suffering tribes below us—The grand principle on which the sages of antiquity reasoned; the presumption on which they founded their belief of the immortality of the soul, and consequently a state of retribution, was the *evident possibility of it*. They perceived that the mind was endued with qualities which are independent of the corruptible materials of which the body is composed, that it was a principle uncompounded, indivisible, possessing within itself thought, energy,

energy, and action, and, in short, every requisite to that state of existence to which they assigned it; they saw that it evidently kept itself aloof to the changes to which matter is exposed, and continued unbroken not only while the functions of the body were serenely going forward—but when the tenement trembled to its basis and sunk down in one universal wreck, and thence drew the conclusion that, a principle which thus rose superior to corruption and decay must, of course, be incorruptible, and consequently immortal. Now if we reflect for a moment upon the various appearances which the animal tribes are continually exhibiting, and many of which cannot have escaped our remark, shall we not be necessitated to confess that they also possess a power which is capable of acting when controuled by the body, and when unreined by it? The *principles* on which our fathers calculated are they not common to the brute and to the rational creation? Joy, anger, memory, forecast, and in short all the faculties of the mind (abstract reasoning alone excepted) are evidently exhibited by them as often as the stimuli of those emotions present themselves. Philosophers, indeed, in the arrogance of affected superiority tell us, that brutes rise no higher in the scale than *mere animated portions of matter, variously combined and actuated by the foreign impulse of the infinite intelligence*; but nothing can be more irreconcilable than such an opinion, with the appearances which every day exhibit themselves. Can we remark the evident joy of the faithful dog on meeting with his long-lost master? On the arts and consummate guile with which the partridge and the lapwing decoy the spaniel from their nestlings? On the undeviating and impartial equity with which the feathered parent feeds her callow brood? On the sagacity with which the pigeon and the bee wing their trackless way through the regions of the atmosphere, and yet believe that these are merely animated machines, possessing in themselves no actuating principle? These

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particulars, and a thousand others which might be mentioned of the same complexion, are not, cannot be the product of uninformed mechanism; they evidently indicate thought, forecast, and affection. Nay, the examples last-mentioned indicate a degree of intelligence which studied and accomplished man, with his quadrant and his telescope, vainly seeks to rival. Now if we admit that the inferior tribes of the creation possess the faculties of the human soul; that they vary in degree alone; which is indeed the case, it will be difficult to comprehend why *that* which intimates immortality in one case should not intimate it in the other. The mighty Ruler of the universe does not act upon capricious principles, here forming one being for happiness, and there another endued with the same capacities for misery. We may affect to engross to ourselves, and to orders superior to us, the regions of immortality; but to the temperate modest enquirer, there seems to be full as much reason for the spirits who move above us to appropriate to themselves the blissful presence of their Maker, and proceeding in the plenitude of arrogance to exclude the base and guilty children of men from a portion with them, as there is for our closing up the doors of future recompence to our oppressed and injured fellow labourers. In short, there is no reason to conclude that *what* divine goodness has rendered *capable* of immortality shall not endure to IMMORTALITY!

(To be concluded in our next.)

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### LIFE OF SOCRATES.

(Concluded from page 129.)

**A**BOUT the time of his trial the vessel which carried the offerings of the Athenians to Delos set sail, and until this vessel returned the law forbade the execution of any sentence of death. Socrates passed thirty days in prison, surrounded by his friends and disciples,

disciples, who daily came to enjoy his company and conversation, believing at such visits that they saw and heard him for the last time.

One morning when he awoke, he perceived Crito, one of his friends, whom he particularly esteemed, seated near his bed. Socrates finding that his friend had been there a good while, asked him why he did not awake him? Crito replied: "You were in such a quiet sleep, that I could not prevail on myself to disturb you. I had always admired the calmness of your mind, but at this moment it made a still more forcible impression on me." Socrates answered, "It would be a shame, indeed, if a man of my age should be disturbed at the approaches of death." Crito informed Socrates that the ship had appeared, and that the following day robbed him of the dearest of friends; then represented to him that unable to bear the idea of his death, he had, with some friends, taken a resolution to facilitate his escape from prison, that an honourable retreat might be procured for him in Thessaly, where he might lead a peaceful life. With attention Socrates listened to the advice of his friend, then replied: "Oh! my dear Crito, your zeal is not conformable to the principles I have constantly professed to follow, and which the most cruel torments shall never compel me to abandon. You know that we are not to be guided by the opinion of the greater number, but by the decision of those who are able to distinguish justice from injustice, and truth from falsehood;—it is also necessary to dispel the fears with which you wish to inspire me for my children; they will receive from my friends the services which their generosity now offers to me. Have we not frequently agreed, that in no circumstances it can be allowable to render injustice for injustice? Have we not also established it as a principle, that the first duty of a citizen is to obey the laws. I have hitherto borne their yoke with pleasure, and a thousand times experienced the effects of their protection and beneficence, and now, because

because my enemies have abused them to my destruction, you wish that I may revenge myself on them to destroy the laws, and conspire against my country, of which they are the support. I shall add, that the laws had prepared me a resource. After my first trial I might have condemned myself to banishment only : but I chose to undergo a second, and I have openly declared that I would prefer death to exile. Shall I, then, alike regardless of my word and my duty, fly to expose myself to foreign nations, proscribed, disgraced, become the corruptor of the laws, and the enemy of authority, that I may yet live a few wretched and ignominious days ? Shall I fly to perpetuate the remembrance of my weakness and my crime in distant countries, where I can never dare again to pronounce the words justice and virtue, without a conscious blush, and drawing on myself the most cruel reproaches ? No, my friend, cease to persuade ; and suffer me to pursue the path which the gods have marked out for me."

Two days after this conversation, the eleven magistrates gave him notice early in the morning that he was to die that day. Many of his disciples afterwards entered, and found with him his wife Xantippe, with the youngest of his children in her arms. The moment she perceived them, she exclaimed with loud cries and sobbings : " Oh, my husband ! your friends are come to visit you for the last time ! " Socrates having requested Crito to cause her to be sent home, she was accordingly taken away, uttering the most doleful lamentations, and tearing her face.

Never had the disciples of Socrates seen him display such patience and courage ; they could not look on him without being overwhelmed in grief, nor listen to him without the liveliest transports of pleasure. In his last conversation he said to them, that it was not lawful for any one to deprive himself of life ; because, as we are placed on earth as soldiers in a post assigned them by their general, we ought not to quit our station with-

out the permission of the gods ; that for himself he was resigned to their will, and sighed for the moment which would bestow on him the happiness he had endeavoured to merit by his conduct through life. From this discourse passing to the *immortality of the soul*, he endeavoured to establish it by a multitude of proofs which justified his hopes. "And even" said he, "though these hopes should be without foundation, besides that the sacrifices they required have not prevented me from being the happiest of men ; they remove far from me the bitterness of death, and diffuse a pure and delicious joy over my last moments." "Thus" added he, "every man who renouncing pleasure has laboured to adorn his soul, not with foreign ornaments, but such as are suitable to it, as justice, temperance, and other virtues, cannot but possess an unshaken confidence, and quietly wait the hour of his departure. You will follow me when yours shall arrive ; mine approaches ; and to use the expression of one of our poets :—I hear already its voice which calls me."

Crito now asked him, whether he had no injunctions to lay on them with regard to his affairs. "I have only to repeat," replied he, "the advice I have frequently given you ; that you be virtuous. If you follow it, I shall not need your promises ; and if you neglect it, they will be useless to my family."

His disciples already considered themselves as orphans deprived of the best of fathers, and less wept for him than themselves. His three children were brought to him, two of whom were very young, he gave some orders to the women who came with them, and after having sent them away returned to his friends. A moment after the keeper of the prison entered. "Socrates," said he, "I am certain that I shall hear from you those imprecations with which I am usually loaded by persons in the same situation, to whom my office obliges me to give notice that it is time to drink the poison. As I have never seen any person in this place who possessed such firmness of mind,

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mind, and mildness of temper, as you have always shewn, I know well that you are not angry with me, and that you do not attribute to me your misfortunes; you are but too well acquainted with the authors of them: farewell! endeavour to submit to necessity." His tears scarcely permitted him to conclude what he had to say, and he retired to a corner of the prison, that he might shed them without restraint. "Farewell!" said Socrates to him in reply, "I will obey your advice," and turning towards his friends, "How well-behaved and honest is that man!" said he, "Since I have been here he has frequently come to converse with me, and now see he weeps—Crito, he must be obeyed. Let the poison be brought, if it be ready; if not, let it be mixed as soon as possible." Crito represented, that the sun had not yet set, and that others, in like circumstances, had been permitted to defer drinking the poison for some hours. "They," said Socrates, "had their reasons for what they did, and I have mine for acting differently." Crito then gave orders as he was directed; and when the poison was ready, a servant brought the fatal cup, and Socrates calmly asked what he was to do; the man answered, "After you have drank the potion, you must walk until you find your legs begin to grow heavy, and then lie down on your back." Immediately, without changing countenance, he took the cup with a steady hand, and after having addressed a prayer to the gods, advanced it to his mouth.

In this dreadful moment terror and dismay seized on all present, and involuntary tears streamed from every eye. Some to conceal them threw their mantles over their heads, and hastily arose that he might not discover their agitation; but when turning their eyes again upon him, they perceived that he had drunk off the poison, their grief, too long restrained, burst forth with violence, and their tears and sobbings doubled when they heard the loud lamentations of the youth Apollodorus, who after having wept the whole day, made the

prison resound with the most frantic cries. "What are you doing, my friends?" said Socrates, without emotion. "I sent away the women that I might not witness such weakness. Resume your courage; I have always said that death ought to be accompanied with good omens." In the meantime he continued to walk till he began to feel a heaviness in his legs; then laid down on the bed, and wrapped himself in his mantle. The man who had given him the poison pointed out to the persons present the successive progress of its effects.

A mortal cold had already frozen his feet and legs, and was ready to invade the heart, when Socrates, raising his mantle, said to Crito: "We owe a cock to Æsculapius, forget not to pay the vow\*." "It shall be performed," replied Crito; "but have you no other command?" He returned no answer, but a moment after made a slight motion. The servant having uncovered him received his last look, and Crito closed his eyes.

Thus died the most virtuous, and the most happy of men; the only man, perhaps, who without fear of being convicted of falsehood, might boldly affirm, I have never, either in word or deed, committed the smallest injustice.

*London.*

J. C.

### ON SENSIBILITY.

AN ACADEMIC EXERCISE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF DISTINGUISHED CELEBRITY IN  
THE LITERARY WORLD.

(SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE VISITOR.)

(Concluded from page 147).

**S**ENSIBILITY is the rich fountain of the fond endearments, the smiles of life, and all the gentler virtues that sweeten, harmonize, and polish the domestic

\* It was usual to sacrifice this bird to Æsculapius.



tic scene. It is the spring of all the tender sympathies, the soft relentings, the lovely affections that enrich and embellish human nature; that breathe a perfume through all the scene of humanity, and shed a celestial lustre upon the moral world.

A disposition like this cannot but inspire the heart with the most refined delight. The sight is an inlet of much pleasure. Inanimate beauty, as displayed in the harmony, simplicity, and magnificence of nature, impresses it with many pleasing sensations. But beauty's living expressions, beauty's breathing images, graceful motions, and glowing forms strike it with more exquisite pleasure still. But, superior even to these, there are immaterial, internal, moral beauties: there are finer, warmer, and more pathetic images: ethereal forms; glowings of the bosom; breathings of the immortal soul. These, the gross animal sight cannot discern. These are only to be contemplated by sensibility, that finer organ of the soul!

How ridiculous then, that proud stoical system that would establish apathy of soul in the room of feeling! That, by steeling the bosom against the soft impressions of humanity, fortifying it with a cold dispassionate indifference against nature's warmer breathings: that by sternly frowning away the feelings of the man, and cramping the generous impulse, would draw a veil over this fine optic of the soul, and obstruct its perceptions of that elegance, refinement, and lustre displayed in moral scenes.

Oh, sensibility! thou favourite of heaven, I enter thy temple with sacred wonder! What a crowd of venerable images is here! what more than human grandeur! what a glory circles the arches! what religion crowns the pillars!

There are many flowers in the vale of life from which sensibility extracts delightful honey. There is a scene, a lovely and a graceful scene; where enthusiasm is hot in every heart, kindles in every eye, and pants in every

bosom : where tears are their rapture, silence the eloquence, and virtue the crown of the scene. Illustrious triumph of feeling ! delightful jubilee of angel bosoms ! glorious meridian of sublunary bliss !

The raptures which sensibility feels are hard to be expressed. They are not the objects of language. Words are blots which disgrace such sensations. Language is dismissed as a needless interpreter. In this mental dialect, souls of different countries, of different worlds, of different systems, may hold converse together. The organs of sense are neither the inlets of their bliss, nor the index of their feelings. The scene is all ethereal. Their souls embrace, their spirits are congenial, their feelings are kindred. The same rapture circulates in every bosom, and the same language speaks in every throb ! How do scenes like these triumph over the weak efforts of language ? The rapturous throb, the gushing eye, the speechless embrace : these are images which breathless eloquence pants to express : the favourite touches in nature's drama, which spectator angels contemplate with a smile, and crown with a plaudit.

Thus far sensibility triumphs ; but when afflictions come does she not feel with proportionate pain ? surely, the heart that thus exults in the scenes of joy with such lively feelings, must bleed when adversity stings. Surely, then, in a world where afflictions reign, a feeling heart must be a curse. Under the mild influence of peace, indeed, sensibility is a smile and a rapture ; but when affliction stings the bosom, it is an exquisite agony.

The gentle dove is only a *happy* bird in paradise, the land of gentleness and peace ;—but in this hostile realm, what is it but a trembling quarry, while birds of prey are hovering round it ?

It is true, sensibility has her pangs, and she feels them as keenly as bosom can feel. While others only weep, her gentler nature bleeds. While their bosoms only sigh, her bosom writhes with torture. While  
other

other hearts are wrung with agony, her tender heart-strings burst ! yet, surely, even this, painful as it is, has more sweetness in it than a tasteless insensibility, a cold and fullen apathy.

Behold yonder aged parent visiting the grave where his departed daughter sleeps : the child of his bosom ; the rapture of his heart ; the sunshine of his eye, and the crown of his age ! See him prostrate on the ground, rolling his distracted head on the hillock of her whose softer bosom was once his pillow. Tears gush over her grave whose filial hand was wont to wipe away the tear from his eye ! His heart bleeding over the tomb of her whose smile was the peace of his heart.

The friend approaches ; the tender friend : the tear of pity in his eye, and the accent of peace on his lip. He kindly addresses the weeping sufferer ; he grasps his hand—the weeping sufferer hears not the voice ; he feels not the grasp : enthusiastic imagination has locked him in the coffin of his daughter. Say, does not the mourner love to indulge his grief ? Does he not hug his sorrows ? Is he not deaf to the soothing of friendship ? Is he not deaf to the voice of comfort ? The Angel of Peace descends to console him. The friendly spirit whispers peace to his soul : “ Hoary mourner,” he cries, “ I congratulate thee—gentle is thy bosom, and gentleness and peace shall smile within thy heart—heaven crowns thy feelings with a smile, for thy feelings are heaven.”

Such is sensibility ! such its beauties ! such its raptures ! such its tears ! There are some souls so refined as to look upon a marble heart as the finest accomplishment of their natures. They have struggled with their feelings, and established an artificial insensibility in their breast ; yes, there are some natures, such is the false pride of the world, there are some natures that are ashamed to weep, and when unpolite nature has surprised them, they have blushed at the unfashionable tear.

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This is the only blush which disgraces the human face : the blush of modesty is the fair index of merit ; and the blush of ingenuous shame is the happy symptom of returning virtue ; but a blush like this is inverted humanity, and their guardian angel blushes to behold it. Let little souls : let the jovial sons of pleasure laugh at a tear : let them ridicule it as the unmanly infirmity of weak and virgin bosoms ; as the melancholy delight of solitary, joyless, gloomy souls—Alas ! unhappy men ! strangers to virtue, strangers to rapture too ! famished voluptuaries, they know not the costly luxury of a tear ! Professors of pleasure, mistaken men ! ye are wide of its source ; friendly, the gentle hand that will lead you to it. A virtuous tear, what is it ? It is the majesty of man : it is the triumph of heroic virtue. An angel need not blush to weep, for a more than angel wept over the grave of a friend. Let us inscribe upon our hearts what reason and heaven have written in the page of truth ;

Not he who cannot weep, but he who can,  
Shows the great soul, and proves himself a man.

### PRECIOUS FRAGMENTS

OF

### A MODERN ROMANCE.

(Concluded from page 171.)

THE following invocation to Sensibility, must, I think, melt the heart of a stoic, and is an appropriate prelude to the affecting narrative that follows :

“ Hail, Sensibility ! thou inexhausted source of pangs  
“ innumerable the feeling bosom knows ; whence in  
“ some gentle bosom thou art, O goddess, pleased to shed  
“ thy softening influence, not all the victorious triumphs  
“ that wait on conquering beauty, not all the pomp of  
“ grandeur,

“grandeur, or flattery of coxcombs, or sighs of dying  
“lovers, or even the hopes to mortify some haughty  
“rival combined, can e’er attract the nymph to scenes  
“of sweet delightful joy ; when benevolence demands  
“her tender care, in chambers of disease, to drop a  
“philanthropic tear over the thorn-strewed couch, and  
“soothe the tort’ring pangs of a poor cossive lap-dog.  
“Assist me now, O, fair divine ! to raise a sigh in  
“every bosom, and draw from every eye a clear pel-  
“lucid watry tear ; while I relate the hapless state of  
“poor Florellio and Augusta Carolina, I thought pro-  
“per to invoke a power to whose influence I have been  
“so much indebted in writing this narrative, before I  
“entered into a particular description of the most dis-  
“treffing condition that ever hapless mortals were re-  
“duced to. Who can consider the gradation by which  
“this unhappy fair one, who was then the greatest  
“beauty in the known world, was plunged to the lowest  
“abyss of woe, without a tear ; because her tender bo-  
“som was formed too susceptible to soft impressions to  
“resist the attractions of the bravest and most gallant  
“knight that ever tilted at a tournament ; she was in-  
“duced, in a moment when affection had risen supe-  
“rior to all prudential considerations, to elope with  
“Florellio ; and we find this unfortunate couple, after  
“having gone through all the accumulated misfortunes  
“already related, to avoid the pursuits of the inexorable  
“Baron Sternhemborgum, obliged at length to take  
“shelter in the Black forest ; where the knight  
“joined a banditti, who resided in its recesses, with  
“whom he rendered his courage so conspicuous, that  
“he was almost immediately appointed their leader ;  
“while the miserable Augusta Carolina resided in a  
“mud-walled cottage, that had been left standing by  
“some wandering peasant, near the retreat of the rob-  
“bers ; here would the miserable fair one sit the live  
“long day, listening to the symphonious murmurings  
“of a distant water-fall, without hearing the sounds of  
“a hu-

" a human voice, or tracing human footsteps, except  
 " when the magnanimous Florellio sought repose from  
 " the tumults of the embattled field, in the bosom of  
 " his beloved fair one. But they had not yet drunk  
 " that cup of misery to its dregs, which adverse fate  
 " had prepared for them. Augusta Carolina had been  
 " two days without seeing Florellio, and her mind was  
 " agitated by a thousand conjectures; when happening  
 " to meet an old woman, she received information that  
 " a desperate banditti had been defeated by a body of  
 " troops, that the greater part had been killed, and  
 " that the remainder, together with their leader, was  
 " taken prisoner to Strumbolo castle, upon the banks  
 " of the Rhine. At this news the palid maiden aghast-  
 " ly started \* \* \* \* \*

Hitherto we have only had a display of the lady's  
 talents in agreeable descriptions of nature, or in tender  
 and pathetic scenes of life; but the following relation is  
 so sublimely terrific, that its lightest word

" Must harrow up the soul, freeze the young blood,  
 " Make the two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,"  
 &c. &c.

" The castle clock now struck the midnight hour :  
 " its deep and hollow tones reverberated through all the  
 " cells, and pierced the inmost recesses of Florellio's  
 " soul; he started with the agonizing reflection that his  
 " life must soon be demanded as a sacrifice to the rigid  
 " demands of justice, for what the severity of the laws  
 " deemed such a flagrant offence against public tran-  
 " quillity; till at length his tortures became unbearable,  
 " and he rolled himself on the floor in speechless afflic-  
 " tion. In this condition he thought he heard a deep  
 " sigh, as if from some person in the dungeon, accom-  
 " panied with the word, heigho ! which appeared to  
 " have escaped from a bosom overcharged with grief;  
 " he listened attentively, and all was silent, and he con-  
 " cluded he was deceived by his perturbed fancy; a  
 " quarter

“quarter of an hour had now elapsed, when the same  
“voice exclaimed, “O ! dear, O ! dear,” in a low, but  
“impatient tone, as if some mortal miserable as him-  
“self was labouring under sorrows that were no longer  
“supportable ; again Florellio was almost petrified with  
“astonishment and terror, which was further increased  
“by his hearing the bolts of his cell grate, as if an at-  
“tempt was made to wrench them ; but how did Flo-  
“rellio’s hair stand an end when the same voice cried  
“out, “Lord have mercy upon me !” and ended with  
“a groan which rung sonorous through the dungeon ;  
“as if some soul had been delivered, by the hands  
“of an assassin, from its mortal prison. His apartment  
“was now illumined by a faint radiance, whose source  
“was not visible ; when, on a sudden open flies, with  
“impetuous recoil and jarring sound, the door of mas-  
“sy iron. “Angels, and ministers of grace defend  
“us !” cried the astonished knight, as he beheld before  
“him an awful figure, clothed in an antique armour ;  
“above his helmet nodded a very high plume of scarlet  
“feathers, over his shoulders flowed a length of hair of  
“jetty black ; his beaver was up, and discovered a face  
“pale as the virgin snow ; his eyes glared with a pale  
“red, and their orbs appeared like that of the full  
“moon when it first peeps over the eastern hills, and  
“every time he opened a mouth, which extended from  
“ear to ear, he belched forth thick smoke, and flames  
“sulphureous. “Follow me,” said the spirit. Flo-  
“rellio now acquired a little courage, and they went  
“together to the back wall of the dungeon ; when the  
“ghost had no sooner waved a truncheon which he held  
“in his hand, in a solemn manner, than the whole fell,  
“with “hideous ruin, and combustion down,” and  
“opened a passage into another cell, through which  
“they passed, and which was full of human bones :  
“they now descended a winding flight of stairs, at the  
“bottom of which was a subterraneous passage, which  
“opened into the dark domains of Cloacina, vulgarly  
ycleped

“ ycleped a common sewer, which slowly rolled its  
 “ dirt-obstructed waves through the city which the cas-  
 “ tle protected, into the adjoining river : into this they  
 “ entered ; but they had not proceeded far, when, in  
 “ a flash of livid lightning, which shot its forked flames  
 “ through the whole length of the gloomy arch, the  
 “ spirit disappeared, and left the astounded knight in  
 “ utter darkness ; he however soon acquired fresh cou-  
 “ rage ; and manfully pushed on his way in spite of  
 “ every obstruction he met with, floundering on amid  
 “ mud and rubbish, till he arrived at \* \* \* \* \*.”

In reading this wonderful narrative, some nice critic may perhaps ask, why the spirit, after having shewn such uncommon tokens of regard for Florellio, did not complete his generosity ; but left him to grope his way out from the common sewer by himself ? To this I will answer, that those who are acquainted with the nature of ghosts, must know that it is inconsistent with their supernatural dignity to take any more trouble than is absolutely necessary, even for their greatest favourites : thus, in a similar case, the ghost does nothing more than break open a door, and then leaves his friend in the dark, in an adjoining dungeon, to stumble up the back stairs of a castle, where he was in danger of feeling the poniard of the assassin plunged in his bosom every step he took.

It is to be considered as a circumstance extremely fortunate, that the winding-up of the catastrophe was preserved entire, by which the great anxiety of the public respecting the fate of this affectionate, but unhappy couple, will at length be fully tranquillized.

“ Their first gratulations were scarcely ended, when  
 “ a gloom spread itself gradually over Florellio’s coun-  
 “ tenance : “ Alas !” exclaimed he, “ to what pur-  
 “ pose is it that I am delivered from the fears of imme-  
 “ diate death ; when the possession of you, which is  
 “ all that is valuable to me in life, is rendered so pre-  
 “ carious ? for if your cruel husband should discover  
 “ the place of our retreat, you would inevitably be torn  
 “ from



“ from my arms ; while in this wretched hovel we do  
“ not even possess the means of supplying the wants of  
“ nature ; in private we are the victims of poverty ; if  
“ we venture to appear in public, we are surrounded  
“ by danger, and covered with infamy ; we are—” At  
“ this moment they were startled by a loud knocking  
“ at the door, when a messenger, clothed in black, ar-  
“ rived from the chateau of the Baron Sternhembor-  
“ gum, with the information that that nobleman, op-  
“ pressed with chagrin on account of the loss of Augusta  
“ Carolina, had died of a broken heart. “ Heaven be  
“ praised !” cried Florellio, overjoyed, “ I can now  
“ call my lovely girl my own, without having even a  
“ a legal competitor to dispute my right.” Whereupon  
“ he pressed her lips with a kiss fragrant as the musky  
“ gales of Arabia. At that moment another person  
“ came running in, breathless and faint, “ Pray, ma-  
“ dam,” said he, “ have you not the mark of a straw-  
“ berry on your left breast ?” “ O ! heaven,” cried  
“ the affrighted Augusta Carolina, what is the mean-  
“ ing of this ? I have.” “ Then, madam,” cried he,  
“ I congratulate you on the possession of one of the  
“ largest estates in Germany ; the Duchess of — is  
“ just dead, and confessed in her last moments, that in  
“ consequence of an imprudent amour she had a daugh-  
“ ter, thus marked, which to save her honour she or-  
“ dered to be exposed ; but, feeling compunction for  
“ her conduct, she directed in her will that every pos-  
“ sible search should be made for her, and if she was  
“ found, she was to possess all her property. The asto-  
“ nished pair looked on each other with silent joy.  
“ When, at that instant an express arrived, containing  
“ the information that the Emperor had not only par-  
“ doned him ; but that in consequence of his prowess,  
“ which was celebrated over all Europe, he was ap-  
“ pointed generalissimo of the army, and raised to the  
“ first rank of nobility in the empire. When the first  
“ tumults of joy were over, Florellio looked serious and  
VOL. VI. Y “ thought-

"thoughtful, "Alas!" said he, "I am reflecting on the various follies the impetuosity of youthful passions has led me into; but henceforth I am the votary of virtue, and shall submit to be guided by her celestial light. And now, gentle reader \* \* \* \* \*"

J. J. PEAT.

### CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's  
Calendar of Nature.*

### CALENDAR OF NATURE.

#### MARCH.

- " Winter still lingering on the verge of Spring
- " Retires reluctant; and from time to time
- " Looks back, while at his keen and chilling breath
- " Fair Flora sickens."

1. **T**HE operations of this month are intended to dry up the superabundant moisture of the preceding month. 2. The later the spring, the less probability of blights and insects. 3. Spring dawns on a fine day. 4. After a few dry days, the farmer plows, sows oats and barley. 5. Thrushes sing, ring-dove cooes, pheasants crow, hens sit, ducks and geese lay, and the rookery all in motion. Rooks very thievish, but punished among them. 6. Rooks said to be mischievous to the farmer, but are in reality useful in picking up grubs. Hence they follow the plough, joined by the gulls, and ought to be encouraged. 7. Birds, the red-wing, thrush, fieldfare, and woodcock, who took refuge from arctic winters, now return back to the Northern

thern regions, not for want of food, but from timidity. 8. Garnets or Soland geese resort to the Scotch isles, particularly to the *Bass*, an insulated rock in the Firth of Forth. 9. Frogs living during winter at the bottom of ponds and ditches, now rise to the surface by the warmth. 10. Soon after they spawn, the female deposits a mass of jelly, like globes, with a black speck in the middle, which contains the rudiments of the future tadpole. 11. The broods so numerous that the vulgar suppose they come from the clouds. 12. Bat appears, the viper uncoils itself from sleep, the only venomous reptile in this island; vipers feed on field-mice, swarm in the Hebrides. 13. Their poison lies under their eye, and is ejected by means of a sharp perforated canine tooth. 14. Smelts and sparlings run up the rivers, but the least mixture of snow water drives them back to the sea. 15. Sporting of the young lambs a most pleasing spectacle in the animal creation. 16. Bees, sure sign of flowers, whence they obtain their food, venture out. Their appearance in the morning the indication of a fair day. 17. Several species of bees in Great Britain, some lay in sweet honey, others do not, some gregarious, others solitary. 18. The common bee is a domesticated animal, when wild they form nests in a tree or rock, whence Homer has taken his first simile in the *Iliad*. 19. Virgil, in a whole book of the *Georgics*, tells all that the ancients knew concerning the bees. 20. Bees form their hives early in the spring. 21. Their honey is a limpid juice found in the nectaries of flowers, and their wax is made from the dust contained within the anthers of blossoms. 22. Gardens gay with crocusses, a few also of wild flowers appear, daisies, primroses, and the violet, the most fragrant of all flowers. 23. There are several kinds of violets, but the fragrant, both blue and white, is the earliest, thence called the *March violet*. 24. The hazel, the fallow, the alder trees, and the leaves of the honeysuckle, begin to expand, and in the gardens the

peach and nectarine, the almond, the cherry and apricot trees come into full bud. 25. Gardeners busy in pruning, digging, manuring, and in sowing seeds. 26. In the latter part of the month falls the *vernal* equinox, when the day and night are equal all over the globe.

### THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A TALE.

[Continued from page 154.]

"MY name, as you have already heard, is Maria Villars, before my marriage it was Linfield. My father, was the son of a clergyman, who upon the produce of only a small living, brought up a large family, possessed for several years a place in one of the public offices, the emoluments of which were about three hundred pounds a year. He was a man of unambitious views, and only wished to pass through life unknown, except by a small circle of his associates in the office, and a few relatives and friends, with whom a variety of circumstances had connected them. My mother died when I was about sixteen years old, and from some peculiarities in her temper, not having rendered my father's life very comfortable, he was not an inconsolable mourner. As I was so far grown up, he gave up all thoughts of any other matrimonial connection, and placed me at the head of his table. Our family was small, consisting only of my father; my brother, whose name was William; myself, and one servant. We resided, on account of my father's confinement for several hours every day in the office, at a small distance from town; and it was the pride and pleasure of my life, to have the house in order, and the dinner in readiness, just as my dear parent returned. He seldom went out

after

after his return from town, and our evenings were spent generally without company. Ah! ye days of simple and rational improvement and comfort, how dear to my heart are the images ye have left deeply engraven there. My dear father sometimes read to himself, and sometimes requested me to read to him, during the long winter evenings; a game of cards, or a hit at backgammon, diversified our mode of spending the time, and relieved that attention which a constant application to study of any kind will weary out. Oh, what bliss was the life of Maria then!

“Among the few visitors whom my father introduced to me, was one whom I soon began to see with sensations very different from those with which I regarded the rest of his sex. Henry Villars was formed to inspire interest wherever he came. He was about twenty-one years of age, he was something above the middle size, and his person elegant; his fine oval countenance, shaded by ringlets of dark brown hair, was expressive of intelligence and sensibility.

“My father soon saw that mutual affection springing up, which it was not his wish to damp. He highly respected Henry, whose father had in early life been the companion of my father's youth, and he knew that to himself the alliance of the children, should it take place, would be very agreeable. Mr. Villars the elder, had been unsuccessful in business, and was now in the East Indies, seeking to repair his shattered circumstances. Whether he would be able to succeed or not was very uncertain; but my father well knew that Henry's situation in the office, was sufficient to supply all those moderate comforts to which either he or I had been accustomed; and this being the case, he saw no bar to a union which bid fair to make two beings, who cordially loved each other, and saw within their reach all that would satisfy two such domestic unambitious hearts as theirs, perfectly happy.

“Still, however, wishing to do nothing which might possibly render, what he eagerly looked to as a source

of happiness to his *children* (for so he already called Henry as well as me) the reverse, he told us it would be necessary to write to Bengal, to apprise Mr. Villars, if he were alive, of our intentions, "If he sanctions your union," said my father, "no event, on this side the grave, will make William Linfield more happy."

"Thus far all was well, Henry was every day my companion. I hung upon his arm; listened to the warm, but honest avowal of his increasing passion, and was happy, because I had been unaccustomed to disappointment, and as *my* choice was sanctioned by *my* own parent, I did not dream that I should be rejected by the parent of Henry. With every favourable circumstance, many months must pass before a letter written in England can be answered from Bengal. More than double the time in which we might have heard had now elapsed, and no answer came. Henry became daily more impatient for an event which, in his opinion, would complete his felicity.—"It is cruelty to ourselves," said he, "to delay that which will make us so happy, merely for a formal assent which, if my father were living, as he probably now is not, I am sure he would be eager to give. The early friend of Mr. Linfield, a man in every sense so respectable and worthy; he could not form a wish more grateful to his mind, than to see his Henry united to Mr. Linfield's Maria. My love! be persuaded to yield to what I have so often repeated—even upon the worst supposition, what have we to fear? Admit, what I can scarcely suppose possible, that *my* parent should refuse his assent to the only union which can render his son happy, still I have the means of support in my own power, the salary which I derive from my official situation is nothing, I grant, if splendor were our wish; but if I know any thing of my Maria's heart, and am at all acquainted with my own, it is fully sufficient for the supply of all our *real* wants, and I think neither of us are disposed to create artificial ones."

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“ By conversations and reasonings like these, I was almost hourly called upon by the man who was dear above all the world to my heart, (alive to all the sensibilities of *first* love, and willing to believe what it earnestly wished for, was right) to agree to tie the indissoluble knot without waiting for a permission which might, perhaps, never arrive. Is it to be wondered at, that under these circumstances, I should be at length prevailed upon to agree, that if by the next arrivals from India, no answer to Henry's reiterated letters came, I would join my entreaties with his to my dear father, to permit us to marry without any further delay ?

“ Time rolled on, and Henry, gratified by what he termed my sweet condescension, was every day more attentive and engaging ; when an event took place which, for a time, arrested every hope, and hung the garb of grief upon every object around me. My dear father, the most affectionate, sure, that ever bore that tender and venerable appellation, was suddenly torn from us. A pulmonary complaint, to which he had been long subject, rendered a fever which succeeded a very violent cold, too much for a constitution not originally robust. After a confinement of about a week, during a great part of which reason, only at short intervals, was able to rise above the disorder, which was rapidly undermining life itself, he breathed his last.

“ It was then that sorrow first began to twist those cords about my heart, which have almost ever since been increasing, with only a few intermissions, the severity of their compression. I was not only deprived of my parent, but of support. During the life of my mother he had been unable to save any thing from his salary ; and since that time, it was but a little that he had been able to lay by. My brother had been recently apprenticed, and the premium given upon that occasion had swallowed almost all the stock which my dear father had been able to accumulate. Some small arrears

rears were due to him from the office. The funeral expences, however, were heavy, for I could not bear to lay my parent in the grave without the decencies of that rank of life in which he had been accustomed to move. But why do I dwell upon these comparative trifles? I found myself, after every thing was settled, possessed of little more than one hundred pounds, and the world before me, with the trials and dangers of which I was wholly unacquainted.

“Again the time came when letters arrive from the East, but the longings of Henry were again doomed to disappointment, no letters came for him.—“Maria,” said he, “indeed it is all in vain to wait any longer, my father is undoubtedly dead. Your’s also, my love, is no more, why hesitate any longer to make both me and yourself happy—to whom should you go for shelter but to your Henry? dearer to me now than ever, Oh! consent to make *me* the most blest of mortals, and give *yourself* a right to that asylum which our common house will then afford you; be confident that if my father lives and is able to assist us, it will be the joy of his heart to contribute to our happiness—I am his *only* child, and *you* are the daughter of his *early* friend.”

“My situation was now so altered from what it was in the life of my parent; that it could not be expected I should long resist, what my own heart so warmly pleaded for. The rhetoric of love prevailed, and in about six months after my father’s death, I became the wife of Henry, and returned again to be mistress of that house in which I had so long presided, for it was a habitation so dear to him, that Henry had hired it for himself, when I sorrowfully gave it up.

“Ah, how transient is the day of joy sometimes in those cases where we expect it to last the longest! in this dear abode, and united to the man of her virgin and unshaken choice, what could there arise to damp the joy of Maria! for five months nothing did—I was happier than, perhaps, any mortal has a right to be; but

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but then my distresses came thickly upon me. One fatal night—Oh, what a night of horror to me! the sanctuary of our house was invaded, it stood at some distance from the road, and from the neighbouring habitations; just as we were about to retire to rest, our parlour was filled with armed ruffians, my terror was too great to suffer me to notice any particulars of their persons or dress, except that ferocity and dirt were their chief characteristics; their dreadful errand was soon executed—Henry was the object of their brutal commission, not a word escaped them but this terrifying sentence from one who appeared to direct the attack—“That is your victim; seize and bear him away.” Henry struggled for his freedom, but it was to no purpose, he was soon overpowered, and his voice stopped with a gag, was instantly hurried out of the house.—My tears, reproaches, and reiterated demands to know the reason of all this, were of no avail, having perpetrated this infernal deed and carried off their prey, the leader of this banditti, without uttering a word, shut the door of the house with the greatest coolness, and followed his gang. What immediately followed I am not able to relate, successive swoonings lasted me the whole of the night; a delirious fever succeeded, and after a month’s confinement, I found myself with no friend but my servant to support a load of yet unknown sorrow. My brother who, young as he was, would have been an unspeakable comfort to me was, alas! no more; a consumption which, after its first appearance, baffled all medical assistance, had carried him to the grave in a few months after his father.

“In vain did I make every enquiry after the strange fate of my beloved husband; the plot against him, which was evidently conducted by some masterly hand, had been executed with such celerity and address, that no traces of the event have ever yet been found out, either by myself or the few friends whom I was able to interest in the cause. The fact was described in an advertisement,

vertisement, and a reward of one hundred pounds offered to any one who would disclose any circumstance that might lead to a discovery by whom the vile deed had been perpetrated. All, however, was to no purpose, and to this hour I am wholly ignorant of his fate.

“It would be to no purpose to detail all the miseries that I have suffered from that hour to the present. Continued distress soon wears out the common friendship of mankind. I was obliged in a very short time to quit my abode, indeed this was no trial, for with my husband, it had lost all that rendered it dear to me. A great part of the furniture, which I sold, yielded a present supply to my wants, and enabled me to make some little provision for that hour of pain and sorrow which, notwithstanding all I had gone through, I found to be approaching. About seven months after the fatal event which proved the funeral of my earthly joy happened, this dear babe was born. In spite of all my calamities, it has been some consolation to me to gaze upon its innocent features, and trace in them, as it requires not a mother’s eye to do, the miniature and feminine resemblance of its father. My confinement was tedious, and my recovery very slow; at length, however, youth, and, I hope, some degree of resignation to that heavenly will which thus appointed me sorrow upon sorrow, enabled me to regain sufficient strength to nurse my child, and to make some feeble efforts, by mantua-making, to which I had been accustomed for myself, to provide the bare necessaries of life, more I did not expect. This proved but a slender help, but it was all to which I was capable of having recourse—my skill was not great, my performance was slow, and the pay which, under these circumstances, I could procure, was very small. Anxiety of mind, and distressing apprehensions for the future, which I frequently could not avoid feeling, gradually sunk my spirits, and rendered me absolutely incapable of seeking employment, which, when I could procure, it was little better than  
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doing nothing—little debts accumulated around me ; and just a week before your humanity rescued me from immediate death, I had been turned out of the miserable room in which I had, for almost nine months, concealed as much as possible my distress from the world, and what little furniture I was possessed of seized for the rent, which I was utterly unable to pay. Necessity compelled me to solicit in the street the compassion of the passing crowd ; a little relief was thus gained, but my wounded heart was dying within me, indeed the grave had long been the object of my wish for myself, but at the same time I felt that I had no right to hasten my approach to it. My child also was not to be abandoned. My God ! I exclaimed, if it be thy blessed will, do not tread thy feeble worm in the dust. My spirit is deeply humbled, but I will not despair, all I can do, I will. I will claim the protection which the laws of my country hold out to the wretched ! Surely there was never a fitter object for their aid than I am. It was in executing this resolve, that, as I feebly tottered along, I was thrown down by the wheel of a carriage ; you my benefactors know the rest. To what I am reserved Heaven only knows, it seems as if the sun of mercy were again rising upon me ; of this I am sure, that humanity and benevolence have not wholly forsaken the earth !”

Here Mrs. Villars ended her narrative, and the scarcely audible thanks of her auditors, shewed how deeply they sympathised with her sorrows, and how earnestly they wished to be able to relieve them. “ May your hopes be prophetic, daughter of early distress,” said Mr. Howard, “ and may the little gleam of comfort which we are able to throw upon you, brighten into a day of deliverance and joy !”

Sensible that this long and affecting detail must have been very exhausting to Mrs. Villars, Dr. Blake immediately took his leave, and all but Mrs. Howard and Amelia left the chamber.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

ON

## ON WAR.

IT puzzles the faculties to conjecture what can influence the ruling men of all nations to delight in war, there appears in it a charm that compensates the toil and pain of all its votaries; the tears of humanity are unheeded, the shrieks of distress are unheard, the widowed mother, and her orphan children are unpitied, and the sweet voice of peace is overpowered by the shouts of conquest, and the yell of murder!

Were such men to reflect, that when the *Demon of War* gives the signal for battle, and is brandishing his bloody sword, he leads his fierce hirelings to the slaughter of unoffending men, who are, perhaps, without any motives of resentment, or desire of revenge—And could we survey the soldier writhing with his wounds, his mangled face besmeared with gore, could his groans be heard when he breathed his last—did we behold unfatigued slaughter still stalking over the ensanguined field thirsting for more victims to glut his rage, should we not involuntarily exclaim:—Great God! why dost thou suffer such horrible calamity, such dreadful desolation? Is it possible that all men were created by thy hand, that thus with savage fury mankind destroy their fellow men, the noblest of thy works? But the ways of Heaven are unsearchable, and finite beings limited in understanding—the slaves of passion, the bigots of opinion, of pride, avarice, and ambition, cannot presume to question the plans of that Providence whose power is omnipotent—whose wisdom is unerring—whose decrees are unchangeable. Yet our feelings for suffering humanity cannot, nor ought they to be suppressed.

It is the duty of every man, as far as the sphere of his influence reaches, to eradicate such sentiments from the mind, to convince the understanding that war is repugnant to the precepts of our religion, that it is a violation of the law of nature, that if we consult our feelings

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feelings, we shall find them invariably revolt at the idea of death.

Who does not feel the painful sensation of curdling blood at even crushing to death an insect, or a reptile? And should the image of the Deity then be so wantonly, so profusely destroyed?—Unnatural thought!—Already have too many thousands of men been sacrificed at this demon's shrine! What can atone for the distracting agitation of that man's mind who is torn from the soft bosom of domestic joy, from those dear native scenes where all around was melody and peace? What compensation can thousands of families receive for all those hardships they are obliged to suffer in those receptacles of poverty, the workhouses of great manufacturing cities? Trade being suspended, the pillars of their families have been necessitated to join the legions of their country, and perhaps forced for ever by the noxious climate, or the destroying sword from the sight of those for whom they toiled, and from whom they received reciprocal, and endearing affection.

From the lowly cottage, the sweet and simple strain of cheerful industry is seldom heard. Health's sportive chubby children playing around the door, or swelling the chorus of their mother's song, are now, sad reverse! working in a pent-up room, immured from freedom, and alas! too often disciplined for trivial faults, inseparable from youth, not with the just and lenient hand of a parent, but by the savage and oppressive hands of ignorance and passion. Paleness and dejection now sit upon the matron's cheeks where the roseate hues of health once glowed, and which were once animated with liberty and joy.

Were those who are ambitious of their country's renown one moment to reflect that it must be purchased by the sufferings and the death of thousands—were they to picture to themselves what hardships (even if life is spared) soldiers experience, they would not so unhesitatingly be the advocates for wars of conquest.

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Those

Those who are housed from the inclemencies of weather, remote from danger, unharrassed by fatigue may, without fear, fight their woundless battles, but they know not the anguish of those men whose bosoms are exposed to the severity of every storm, who often stand half-immersed in water shivering in the trenches, sometimes forced to lie down on the cold ground, when exhausted nature urges them to sleep, whilst the noble and the wealthy citizens are reposing in soft luxuriance on their downy beds.

To a reflecting mind it is particularly astonishing that when men are conversing on this general topic with animation, they can forget the associated ideas of carnage and destruction. What exultation sparkles in the eyes when victory is announced! A health to the brave conqueror is vociferated—the cannon's thundering voice resounds—the streets glow with brilliant illuminations—shouts of joy disturb the serenity of night. Poor thoughtless beings! instead of exhibiting tokens of such extravagant joy, or pouring forth such intoxicating libations to the "rosy god," rather run, if ye are patriots indeed, and pour the balm of ease into the bosom of those groaning with anguish. Oh! by your kindness may they again behold their fond wives, their little children, and their aged parents. Give with liberal hand your treasures to meliorate their situations in the hospitals, wait not for edicts, but obey the dictates of compassion, and reward as far as you are able the defenders of your possessions. Ah! that they only bled in defending of your just possessions; in such a cause, perish the man who would not fly with ardour to the battle. Death would be glorious even if victory was not the prize.

Reflections, perhaps, of this complexion, may not be unprofitable. It is devoutly to be wished, that every man will ultimately see the impolicy, and the barbarity of those who delight in this systematic warfare, this baneful plan of confederating with deceitful, sordid,

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continental powers, this Quixote kind of disposition, that seeks for adventures and courts opposition—this false heroism, that bares its bosom to be wounded by a thousand foes, rather than not be thought brave, instead of the more judicious plan of keeping at home, and cultivating the arts of peace:—and by the administration of just and lenient measures, we should stifle faction in its birth, and strengthen the growth of unanimity, by which means might be collected together in one focus the energies of the whole nation. Then we might, with our immortal bard, exultingly say:—

Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them, for nought can make us rue,  
If England to itself do prove but true.

Fort-street, Dec. 21, 1790.

J. S.

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### THE WIDOW.

(From Southey's *Letters from Portugal*.)

WE are now at Villa Franca. Never did I see a town so beautiful as we approached; but when we entered—Oh the elegant cleanliness of Drury-lane! There is an old palace opposite the posada, of the Duke of Alva, old and ruinous, and mean and melancholy as a parish workhouse in England. I stood for some time at the balcony, gazing at this place, where the most celebrated and most detestable of its possessors may perhaps have listened to the songs of Lope de Vega, perhaps have meditated massacres in Holland. The mournful degradations of the Dutch, as well as of the Spanish character, forcibly occurred to me, and I looked on with, I trust, the prophetic eye of hope, to the promised brotherhood of mankind, when oppression and commerce shall no longer render them miserable by making them vicious.

I have just heard from one of my fellow travellers,  
Z 2 who

who has passed the road frequently, a melancholy tale of the daughter of the host here. She married a young man above her own rank ; he died, all that he possessed died with him, and the widow, left destitute with two very young children, is returned again to the miserable poverty and labour of a posada. Very soon after her husband's death an Irishman offered to take this woman into keeping. Her only reply was, " You say you love me, sir, and yet you can insult me by this wicked offer ! "

*Tuesday, before day-light.*

I have seen this widow. She cannot be more than two-and-twenty. Her two children were by her, the one an infant, the other about two years old, deaf and dumb ; they are beautiful children, though disfigured by dirt, and in rags. Her dress was black, and bad enough for her present situation ; but the manners of one accustomed to better scenes were evident. She had white stockings, and shoes whose make discovered that shaping of the foot and ankle which peculiarly distinguishes the higher class from those who work for them. There is a liquid lustre in the full black eye of the Spanish women, of which you can have no idea ; her face expressed a meek resignation to wretchedness. What must that man's heart have been made of, who could have insulted this woman ? But man is a beast, and an ugly beast, and Monboddó libels the Ouran-ou-tangs, by suspecting them to be of the same family.

*Tuesday evening.*

We have advanced only four leagues to day, for the old coach is laid up again. I have been thinking of the poor widow, perhaps I find it more easy to express my feelings in poetry than prose. It is because my ideas adapt themselves to the dress they have usually worn ;

And does there then, TERESA, live a man  
Whose tongue unflinching could to such foul thoughts  
Yield utterance ? Tempt thee to the hireling bed !  
Buy thee, Teresa, to another's arms !

There,



Thee, sufferer! thee, forlorn and wretched one!  
 Ere yet upon thy husband's grave the grass  
 Was green! oh! is there one whose monstrous heart  
 Could with insulted modesty's hot blush  
 Make crimson the poor widow's woe-pale cheek!  
 Was this thing of my species? shaped in the mould  
 Of man? and fashioned in the outward show  
 All human? Did he move aloft and lift  
 On high his lordly face? and formed of flesh  
 And blood like mine, meandering thro' his veins?  
 I blush for human nature! and would fain  
 Prove kindred with the brutes. She raised to Heaven  
 Her dark eyes with a meek upbraiding look,  
 And felt more keen her loss, and dropt a tear  
 Of aggravated anguish. I almost  
 Could murmur at my lot assigned by fate,  
 And covet wealth, that from the bitter ill  
 Of want I might secure thee, and provide  
 Some safe asylum for thy little ones,  
 And from the blasting wind of poverty  
 Shield their young opening reason. I would be  
 Even as a brother to thee, sit by thee,  
 And hear thee talk of days of happiness,  
 How fast they fled, and of the joys of youth  
 And hope, now buried in the grave of love!  
 Oh I would listen to thy tale, and weep,  
 And pour upon affliction's bleeding wounds  
 The balm of pity. Sufferer, fare thee well!  
 God be thy comforter, and from a world  
 Of woe, release thee soon! I on my way  
 Journeying remember thee, and think of *her*  
 In distant England, grateful to that Power  
 Who from the dark and tempest-roaring deep  
 Preserved a life she renders doubly dear.

ON THE DISCOVERIES  
OF NEWTON AND HERSCHEL.

**A**FTER establishing the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, and thus settling astronomy upon the most solid basis, the immortal NEWTON still laboured on in the same sublime track with indefatigable zeal, and by applying to its improvement all the stores of his deep mathematical knowledge, carried that science to a point of perfection which could only be excelled by the wonderful talents, the enlarged speculations, and the stupendous instruments of HERSCHEL.

Objects still rising above each other in novelty and grandeur, daily burst upon the vision, and overwhelmed the wondering faculties of man. By arguments drawn from analogy, as well as mathematical research, he found the most solid reason to conclude that the magnificent arch of heaven was studded, not with starry gems, *solely* intended, as he vainly imagined, to render *him* a faint light, and exhibit a beautiful and glowing picture during the absence of the sun, but with so many animated worlds, and systems of worlds, composed like that from which he surveyed them, of *a sun in the centre, encircled by a train of revolving planets!* He soon found that what appeared to him a stupendous azure vault, thus splendidly decorated, was, in fact, an immense void; a profound abyss; the *το πав* of nature, which no rule could circumscribe: an abyss in which millions of such planets as that tenanted by himself, obeying the principles of gravitation and attraction, first impressed upon them by the hand of the grand Architect, performed, without infringing one upon the other, their vast and undeviating revolutions. In this wide abyss he began to have a faint conception that it was possible for systems on systems, *uncrowded*, to revolve; and for the respective comets attendant upon those systems, to sweep along, disentangled, with their amazing

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ing volumes of fire ! Habituated to the survey of finite objects alone, on every fresh attempt to compute their magnitude and their distance from his own sphere, his intellectual powers recoiled upon him, and having been accustomed to indulge himself in high and unwarrantable conceits of his own dignity and exalted station in the universe, he was sunk in his own esteem to proportionate abjectness, and to humiliation equally unwarrantable. Reflection, however, soon came to the support of his desponding mind. Reviving piety taught him a better and wiser lesson : for it impressed him with the awful truth, that he was at the post in the vast universe which was assigned him by Almighty Providence, and that it should be his incessant aim to act at that post with wisdom and energy.

I am aware that some mistaken writers have asserted it to be a species of impiety thus minutely to investigate points of this abstracted and speculative nature, which appear to be placed beyond the grasp of man's finite comprehension. But to argue in this manner is to exhibit evident proof of a mind contracted and incurious ; and is absolutely contrary to what may more justly be inferred from the natural and ardent curiosity implanted in the human mind by the Supreme Creator. This curiosity, this restless thirst after knowledge, may doubtless be indulged to any extent, without incurring criminality, in regard to all objects in the universe *not absolutely forbidden by the divine law*, as was the case in the unfortunate instance of our great primeval ancestor tasting of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Indeed we may add farther, that in concerns where the Almighty himself has not placed limits to the enterprising industry and scrutiny of mortals, the indulgence of that curiosity is not only not criminal, but highly laudable. Had it not been for mental exertions, lofty, speculative and expansive as these, how would the magnitude and figure of this globe of earth, the solar and lunar phænomena, with all their beneficial  
confe-

consequences to navigation and commerce, have been known and experienced in these latter and enlightened ages of the world? Let the clamours of ignorance and apathy, therefore, be hushed in oblivious silence; since it is evident that through all the ample circuit of creation, through all the known classes of being, wheresoever the active exploring faculties of the soul can penetrate, or from whatsoever objects it may be able to glean information, the range is lawful, and the investigation commendable. A knowledge of the true principles of astronomy, as demonstrated by the moderns, can make no man a *sceptic* in point of religion, it ought to have a very different effect upon the mind that truly reflects. While it gives birth to the most sublime conceptions of omnipotent power, it ought to animate us with renovated confidence in the great Father of All, and teach us resignation to that supreme being, whose goodness is as unbounded as his power. We ought to be convinced, from the daily and abundant benefits which we receive from his guardian providence, that we are neither overlooked nor neglected amidst the immensity of his works; and that a degree of happiness, proportionate to his station in the universe, and adapted to his utmost capacity of enjoyment, will be the never-failing reward of every man who dares inflexibly to preserve in the path of virtue, and aspire after the radiant meed promised to obedient piety in those sacred volumes that have revealed to man his sovereign will.

M.

### MATRIMONIAL ADVICE,

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

THE institution of MATRIMONY is almost coeval with the creation. The nature of it, is strikingly enforced in the exclamation Adam made on receiving his helpmate from the hand of God. The various animals created previous to man were made male and female

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male at the same instant ; they were formed from the dust, and the business of their lives was to be subservient to man, who was made lord of all below ; and the whole passions they possessed were directed towards the propagation of their race. But the *preservation* of his *species* was not the *only* thing designed in the formation of the powers and faculties of man ; he was destined to more noble purposes. Not to mention his prospects of future bliss, when this world shall crumble to atoms ; he was to enjoy power, liberty, and comfort here below. It was soon found that man, though created the first, was not suited to a single life ; his social faculties required the aid of a companion. Toward procuring this wished-for object, the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and whilst he slept, our Almighty parent took from his side a rib, of which he formed a woman. Adam being awakened from sleep, beheld the beauteous creature, and transportingly exclaimed :—*Thou shalt be called woman, because thou wert taken out of man, thou art bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh ; therefore shall a man leave a father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh.*

This admirable expression demonstrated at once the high sense he entertained of his Lord's donation, and the solemn duties and obligation of the marriage state. Those who have an idea of entering on this state should remember, that though man and wife are two persons, to be really happy they must be as *ONE* flesh. They are required by the law of religion, and the laws of reason, to be *dear* to each *other* as *their own souls* ; the attachment between them should, for their mutual and real felicity, be as great as that subsisting between the various bones and members of their natural body. Their wishes should meet in one centre, their actions be directed to one point, they should for each other be as earnest to overcome difficulties, and lessen the afflictions of the journey of life, as their limbs are, from their formation

mation and position, mechanically earnest (if I may so express it) to surmount those difficulties which might impede the execution of those designs for which they were originally intended. They should be ever ready to overlook each other's imperfections, to wink at each other's weaknesses, to put the best construction on each other's actions, they should endeavour mutually to ease life's difficulties here, and by pleasant, edifying, and virtuous conversation, fit each other to enjoy eternal blessedness beyond the grave. No attachment, however invaluable, no delights however ravishing, should be enjoyed by the one to the exclusion of the other; nothing should ever be permitted to lessen the confidence, or alienate the affections from each other, but they should each be willing, if put to the dreadful test, to part with the dearest enjoyments, even with father and mother, rather than forsake their matrimonial partner.

From this short view of the subject it is difficult to conceive how those who, without *serious consideration*, lead a fair one to the altar, can reconcile their conduct with the injunction of scripture, or of the law, or of reason, inasmuch as injustice and misery must generally be the consequence of this neglect. Leaving them to the stings of their own conscience on mature reflection, I shall endeavour to point out the principal cause of this calamity, to guard my young friend, whom I am immediately addressing, and all those who may read this imperfect epistle, completely against it. It arises from entertaining *too light an idea* of the *matrimonial engagement*. Instead of selecting a partner adorned with a virtuous mind, possessing a good understanding, a liberal education, and an amiable disposition, the choice is generally directed by the magnet gold, or what, perhaps, is still worse, as it is not so *intrinsically valuable*, by what is termed *elegant accomplishments*. How many partners for life are selected from having been for a *few hours a partner at a ball*! How many hearts are unthinkingly captivated by hearing *exquisitely played*

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some *fashionable air* on a *musical instrument* ! But it should be remembered that neither these elegant accomplishments, however perfectly conducted, nor the largest bulk of the attracting metal, will afford true felicity, unless they be used with *prudence*, unless the *temper* be good, and the *sense* be *sound*. A man who, therefore, chuses his partner from her perfection in these *elegancies*, builds the foundation of his happiness on yielding *sand*. Let the joyful moment of conviviality be over, let assemblies and music be laid aside, let the storm of adversity, or the battering blast of sickness gather around them, their worth is vanished in the change, and the comfort they can afford is scarcely perceivable.

But not merely those *females* who are distinguished for little but *elegancies* are *not likely* to make *good wives*, but *men* governed by such *externals*, are likely to be *fickle* and *inconstant*. The accomplished talent which at one time made them fond of one woman, will, if they should ever perceive it shine brighter in another, make them leave the former with disgust, and cling unto the latter with momentary excess of attachment. Several *amiable women* could I mention who have been widowed in the prime of life, by the inconstancy of their lords, arising from an ill-directed choice, and the neglect of selecting a woman with inclinations similar to their own, and several gentlemen do I know whose prospects of happiness have been cut off by the *perfection* their wives attained in the *external accomplishments*. I daily lament that *so much of the time* of young people should be devoted to the *secondary objects of music, dancing, finery, and drawing*, and *so little*, comparatively speaking, to their *improvement* in those particulars which are *essentially necessary* in the *mother* and the *wife*. But as such is the custom of the present times, how much does it behove every man, who has the least regard for his own happiness, to be considerate and careful in the choice of his companion. *Beauty*, they should

should remember every day falls off, the most *celebrated accomplishments* are no longer valuable than whilst they are *fashionable*; they are therefore dependant on caprice and whim; the most *opulent fortune* may, from untoward circumstances, be completely reduced; but DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT, CONJUGAL ATTACHMENT, and RELIGIOUS INCLINATIONS, will last when beauty and fortune are gone, *will be unshaken* through the *vicissitudes of time*, and will ensure eternal felicity. Let every one in fixing on this great and important concern look within the veil, shut his eye to every external grace, view the furniture adorning the mind, and fix upon a woman *valuable* for her INWARD GRACES, not for the *comeliness of her person*, or the *weightiness of her purse*. I am bold to assert, if this were the plan pursued, marriages might be *less frequent*, but they would be *more happy*, and there would be *fewer of those trials* which have *lately* so often disgraced an English court of justice, and hurt the ears of an English jury. Previous to forming any connection, I would earnestly recommend every young person to read Dr. Cotton's excellent poem on the *Fire Side*, every passage is worthy observation, the poetry is neat, and the advice and picture of conjugal felicity admirably described. For the sake of brevity, I shall conclude with quoting two of his verses:—

Our fortune is not large indeed,  
But then how little do we need,  
For nature's calls are few:  
In this, the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

In these lines, he shows the *folly of searching* merely for riches, *nature's calls are few*; provided there is a sufficiency, why look farther? Never sacrifice your comfort to golden dust; cherish domestic œconomy, and you will be completely happy; your pittance, however small, will effectually answer. Again,

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Tho' *fools* spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
 We, who *improve* its golden hours,  
 By sweet experience know,  
 That *marriage* RIGHTLY understood,  
 Gives to the prudent, and the good,  
 A paradise below.

He has truly said, none but *fools* can despise marriage. Every unsatisfied desire, every difficulty or disagreeable attendant on the marriage state, does not arise from the *state itself*, but is owing to the folly of the *disunited* pair. If, however, on the contrary, the choice be wisely directed, and the institution properly understood, then the difficulties of life are diminished, its evils lessened, its blessings and comforts multiplied, and it may properly be stiled a *Paradise* below.

Hackney, March 2, 1799.

J. F.

FOR THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

### ON THE UNION OF NOBILITY AND VIRTUE.

"Dedecorant bene nata culpæ."

"VICE, to be hated, needs but to be seen," is an excellent saying of a delightful poet, who had studied human nature with the shrewdest penetration. Vice certainly is so foul and grim a hag, when stript of the foreign aid of gaudy ornaments, that we cannot but shudder at her very figure wherever she appears; she brings so detestable a train, that happiness will never dare to approach her habitation, and good fame is quickly obscured and destroyed. Poverty has nothing dishonourable, nothing which should excite a blush, when attended with virtuous actions. Vicious poverty is truly loathsome. Even this, however, calls not out so loudly for the contempt and indignation of mankind, as the lustre of exalted rank, tarnished and contaminated

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nated by the dark stains of vice. How pernicious an error is that, in which the nobility, not only of our age and nation, but of many others also, are so studious to stand conspicuous. Loaded with wealth and honours they become over-weening, haughty, contemptuous, fancy they are brought into the world, like the great Leviathan into the deep, to take their pastime therein, and vie with each other, for the most part, only in dissoluteness, pride, and inactivity. They suppose themselves licensed by their greatness, to ridicule and despise the personal merit of a rising man. But let them for a moment consider, let them, if they know not how they became illustrious, look into the annals of their country, and read by what means that ancestor, before whom their whole race were creatures without a name, acquired those honours and that wealth which are transmitted to his degenerate posterity. Whensoever the manners of a country become corrupt, the great first spread the contagion: sunk into the lap of sloth, and enervated by the Siren-blandishments of dissipation, they exhibit a mournful contradiction to that maxim of the poet:—

*Nec imbellem feroces  
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.*

. . . . . Nor do the birds of Jove,  
Sublimely fierce beget the trembling dove.

The eyes of all are turned upon them for examples, and the world, led inconsiderably by their seductive light, imitate their vices no less zealously than their virtuous actions. A virtuous nobleman every one should contemplate with a sacred awe, and in conjunction with his personal good qualities should place the merits of his brave progenitors. A virtuous nobleman will ever be honoured, loved, and venerated by every virtuous mind. But all the marks of honour bestowed upon an ancestor for his virtues, become so many blots of infamy upon

upon his descendant, remarkable only for his vices. Every man contrasts the splendor of the one with the tarnished glory of the other. Well is the virtuous plebeian defended and supported in opposition to the degenerate noble, by C. Marius, in the well-known oration assigned to him by Sallust. In a manly and energetic tone, he asks:—"Is it more praise-worthy to disgrace illustrious progenitors by our vices, than to rise illustrious by our own virtues? Those standards," says he, "those ensigns of honour, of which you have only to boast the possession, I have in my own person taken from the enemy. On actions similar to those, which I have myself performed, rests the basis of your nobility."

By how much the more lofty the situation of a vicious man is, by so much the more glaring and conspicuous is his crime.

"The least spot is visible on ermine." In any thing of a coarse or vulgar nature, defects are passed unnoticed and unobserved, but whatever is exquisite and uncommon, is nicely surveyed by the curious eye, and not the slightest blemish can escape detection. When the sun is darkened, all mankind are witnesses. A little cottage in the recesses of a vale is seen but by a few casual observers, a castle set upon a hill cannot be hid, but courts the gaze of every traveller. How are we filled with indignation when we behold the great father of Telemachus descending to mean and disingenuous artifices, although for so important an end as to remain at Ithaca in the bosom of his friends, and to avoid the horrors of a fateful war! Were we to see a poltroon scheming to evade martial dangers, we should sneer at him, despise him, and forget him; but who, on the contrary, is not grieved from his very heart, to see a noble and exalted soul debase itself by making use of the same subterfuges? Who can ever forget that Ulysses counterfeited lunacy, and that Achilles was disguised in petticoats? How many works of art have been wrought with faults innumerable, which have ne-

ver been blazoned to the world ; but who is ignorant that in the Equestrian statue at Charing-cross, the horse is without a girdle ? A fatal mistake, alas ! for the artist, who expiated it with his life. As nothing is more difficult of acquirement than honour, so nothing is so difficult to be preserved. A man who has been fortunate enough to obtain it, must ever be employed in adding to, or at least, preserving its brightness, for it quickly tarnishes by disuse. To conclude : As nothing is more venerable than worth with ancestry, so nothing is more disgusting than greatness contaminated by vice and profligacy. Nobility without virtue is detestable ; virtue, destitute of nobility, is ever honourable, and is ennobled by its own greatness.

OXONIENSIS,

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FOR THE VISITOR.

*FERDINAND KING OF NAPLES.*

**N**OTHING can be more disrespectful and contemptuous than the manner in which most of the late Italian writers speak of the present King of Naples. If we may believe them, his tutors early instilled into him an eager fondness for hunting, fishing, &c. amusements in which he is still known to indulge with a marked predilection.—The King of Naples is of a lively disposition, and was still more so in his early youth : his governor was ever studious to discover new modes of recreation for him, and at the same time to repress in him a too great propensity to mildness and facility, which were the predominant ingredients in his character. St. Nicandre did not forget that one of the most favourite amusements of the Prince of Asturias, now King of Spain, was to tear off the skin of rabbits ; but his pupil he instigated to the pleasure of killing them. The young King posted himself in a narrow pass, towards which these miserable creatures were driven, and there,

there, armed with a club proportioned to his strength, he fell upon and killed them, expressing his joy in loud peals of laughter. In order to give variety to this humane diversion, he took rabbits, dogs, cats, and diverted himself with tossing them in blankets till they expired. His passion for this amusement ripened into the desire of treating human beings in the same manner, an amusement of which his Governor highly approved, as of the most reasonable kind. Peasants, soldiers, mechanics, and even the nobility and gentry thus became the sport and playthings of this sceptered child.

Such is the plan upon which Ferdinand IV. was brought up; nor was he troubled with so much as learning to read or write. His wife was his first school mistress; an education of this description could not fail of forming a bad King. The Neapolitans expected no better, but future events demonstrated the folly of those conjectures. The prevailing influence of a good disposition triumphed over the errors of this vicious education. He came, after a time, to execrate the cruelties which he perpetrated in his infancy; and he afterwards proved, on a variety of occasions, that he was not destitute either of the good qualities of the heart or the understanding. He might have approved himself a good prince, had he succeeded in correcting himself of his inordinate passion for hunting and fishing, which engross those precious moments which might have been employed in pursuits that tend to the public good.

Amongst the various anecdotes to which Ferdinand's passion for hunting has given birth, there is one which it is proper to record, because it manifests the suavity of his disposition and the goodness of his heart:—a poor, disconsolate woman happened to fall in with him in a forest; she was not acquainted with his person, and she appeared to be deeply afflicted. The King enquired into her situation. She informed him that she had seven children, and that she had recently lost her hus-

band, that the little she possessed had lately been laid waste by the King's hounds.—“How cruel is it (continued the widow) to have for a King an hunter, whose amusements wring such a flood of tears from the eyes of his subjects! Why does this dronish simpleton come and lay waste my farm?”

Ferdinand replied that his amusements were justifiable, and that, as he belonged to his Majesty's service, he would not fail to acquaint him with the complaint, without, however, insisting on the opprobrious terms with which it was accompanied. “Tell every thing you can (replied the undaunted widow); it is all the same to me, for I expect no redress at his hands.” The King accompanied her as far as her cabbin; being desirous to examine the mischief and injury he had occasioned, he got an estimate made of it by two neighbouring peasants, who were as little acquainted with his person as the widow. He then drew from his purse the whole of what money he had about him; he rewarded the arbitrators, and gave the remainder to the widow, who was also indemnified far beyond any damage of which she had complained.

It is doubtless under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances and of sudden emergencies, that the human character fully unfolds and manifests itself. On being informed of the disastrous fate of Calabria by an earthquake, Ferdinand was laid prostrate and confounded, and that to such a pitch, that he was for a time unable to utter a single word. “Good God!” said he, after a long silence and a passion of tears!—“Good God! Messina is then destroyed, and Calabria almost completely and entirely ruined!” He then reclined himself upon a bed, where he remained for near two hours in extreme agitation. The Queen, on her return from an excursion of pleasure, went into his apartment, and ridiculed and scoffed the cause of his uneasiness. She told him that he was nothing better than a child, a mere child, a man without any energy  
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of character. What then, said she, is the cause of this deep despair? Does our existence depend upon the fate of Messina or Calabria? The King made no reply, but sent for the whole of his Ministers—spoke to each in particular, and gave the most positive orders that every assistance should be given to the unfortunate persons whose lives had been spared. He then retired to his private apartment, where he shut himself up, and continued for twenty-four hours in the deepest agonies of grief, nor did he afford admittance to any person until the news of the arrival of fresh couriers were announced to him.

The details contained in these dispatches were of a most painful and humiliating nature. The King fell into a real delirium; he continued much agitated, and walked up and down his apartments, uttering sobs and groans of desperation. The Queen again made her appearance, and asked him—"What then would be your sorrow should you have lost one of your children?"—Ferdinand hereupon was restored to his reason, and turning himself towards her with majestic dignity, fixed an eye upon her that witnessed high indignation: "Know," said he, that I would have more quietly sustained the loss of my whole family than that of one of my provinces. Are not the many thousand men who have perished, my *children* likewise?"

Upon this answer, so truly worthy of a King, the Queen withdrew.

"Ah!" continued Ferdinand, "with what pleasure would I not redeem the lives of my unfortunate Calabrians and Messinians, even at the loss of my whole family. Who is the cruel and barbarous prince who could hesitate a moment in sacrificing six of his children, in order to save the lives of an hundred thousand faithful subjects?"

### THE UPAS, OR POISON TREE.

- "Where seas of glass with gay reflection smile,  
 "Round the green coast of Java's palmy isle;  
 "A spacious plain extends its upland scene,  
 "Rocks rise on rocks, and fountains gush between.  
 "Soft breathes the breeze—eternal summers reign,  
 "And showers prolific bless the soil in vain!  
 "No spicy nutmeg scents the vernal gales—  
 "No towering plantain shades the mid-day vales—  
 "No grassy mantle hides the fable hills—  
 "No flow'ry chaplet crowns the trickling rills—  
 "No step retreating on the sand impress,  
 "Invites the visit of a second guest.  
 "Fierce in dread silence on the blasted heath  
 "Fell Upas sits!———"

DARWIN.

A DESCRIPTION of a tree in the island of Java, called the Upas, or Poison tree, is given to the public by a surgeon belonging to the Dutch East-India Company, of the name of Foersch, who was stationed at Batavia in the year 1774. Surprising as these accounts may be, they are accompanied with so many public facts, and names of persons and places, that it is somewhat difficult to conceive them fabulous.

The Upas grows about seven leagues from Batavia, in a plain surrounded by rocky mountains, the whole of which plain, containing a circle of ten or twelve miles round the tree, is totally barren. Nothing that breathes or vegetates can live within its influence. The bird that flies over it drops down dead. The beast that wanders into it expires. The whole dreadful area is covered with sand, over which lie scattered loose flints and whitened bones.

This tree may be called the Emperor's great military magazine. In a solution of the poisonous gum which exudes from it, his arrows and offensive weapons are dipped: the procuring, therefore, of this poisonous gum,

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gum, is a matter of as much attention as of difficulty. Criminals are only employed in this dreadful service. Of these several every year are sent with a promise of pardon and reward if they procure it. Hooded in leather cases, with glass eyelet holes, and secured as much as possible from the full effluvia of the air they are to breathe. They undertake this melancholy journey, travelling always with the wind. About one in ten escapes, and brings away a little box of this direful commodity !

T.

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## THE DRAMA.

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### DRURY-LANE.

FEB. 26. **MISS EDMOND** made her first appearance here in the character of the *Jealous Wife*. She has been for several years past the chief performer of the Norwich Company, and her talents in that quarter have been frequently admired.

This Lady's person is elegant, her action easy and graceful, and her voice not unlike that of Mrs. Abington. Her conception of the character, we are happy to say, was, in general, correct, and her delivery of the text natural and impressive. An appearance, however, of intimidation, seemed to repress the full exertion of her powers. Further practice on the London stage will free her from those fears by which her first exhibition was evidently hampered. Her performance was marked by a numerous audience with approbation.

MARCH 2. A new Comedy, called the *Secret*, (the representation of which had, for some time, been deferred by the indisposition of Mr. Bannister) was performed and received with applause.

DRA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Dorville . . . . .	Mr. Barrymore
Torrid . . . . .	Mr. Dowton
Lizard . . . . .	Mr. Suett
Jack Lizard . . . . .	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Sir Harry Flintly . . . . .	Mr. Palmer
Henry Torrid . . . . .	Mr. C. Kemble
Ralph . . . . .	Mr. Wathen.
Mrs. Dorville . . . . .	Mrs. Powell
Miss Lizard . . . . .	Miss Pope
Rosa . . . . .	Mrs. Jordan.

## THE PLOT.

*Torrid* and *Lizard* have been joint adventurers in India, where they dissipated a fortune entrusted to their care by the mother of *Rosa*. *Lizard* takes upon him the disgrace of this breach of trust and returns to Europe. *Torrid* is afterwards more successful, and arrives at the opening of the play in a state of opulence, having *Rosa*, who considers herself as a poor dependent under his guardianship. He is immediately attacked by *Lizard*, who availing himself of their fraudulent familiarity, presumes to dispose of every thing at his pleasure. He proposes a match between his daughter, a tawdry teacher at a boarding school, and *Henry Torrid*, and a second union between his son *Jack* and *Rosa*. *Henry*, enamoured of the latter, and informed of the fraud, insists on the restitution of her fortune. *Lizard* threatens to expose his father, and the generous nature of *Henry* is so far wrought upon as to sign a promise of marriage to *Miss Lizard*. *Rosa* flies from the house of *Torrid*, and finds shelter in the house of Mr. *Dorville*, a gentleman who by the exercise of great liberality had embarrassed his fortune. The schemes of *Lizard* are at length frustrated by the generosity of his son *Jack*, who tears the promise of marriage, and delivers up a concealed letter, which discloses the Secret

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of *Rosa's* birth and fortune. She proves to be the daughter of Mr. *Dorville*, in consequence of an early but unfortunate connection, and is received as such with all the warmth of paternal affection. *Torrid* consents to make restitution; *Lizard* is dismissed with disgrace, and the Piece concludes with the union of *Henry* and *Rosa*.

Such is the plot—the sentiments are pure and edifying, the language elegant and energetic. The chief trait of novelty rests with *Jack Lizard*, a man of letters, who having discovered that learning and talents are rather repulsive than commendatory in the fashionable world, sets his understanding at rest. He also descends to the idle and ridiculous small talk of the gay and dissipated circles, in order that he may be noticed. In the words of POPE, "He proves contemptible to shun contempt," and succeeds. His assumed subserviency in the early part of the play, and his manly reproof of his *soi-disant* patron, *Flinth*, in the fourth act, are admirably contrasted.

The character of *Dorville* is well delineated. He entertains an opinion which cannot be too strongly recommended to the practice of all men of fortune:—"That a steward should take care for the landlord; but that it is the duty of the landlord to take care of his tenants."

The Comedy was well sustained by the performers. Mrs. JORDAN sung a fascinating air, and was deservedly encored. The play was received with reiterated plaudits; but the curtailment of the fourth and fifth acts will assuredly increase its attractions.

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#### COVENT GARDEN.

MARCH 16. A new Comedy was this evening brought forward with the title of *Five Thousand a Year*, by T. Dibdin, author of the *Jew and the Doctor*, and *Mouth of the Nile*.

The

The unexpected accession of two brothers, *George* and *Frederick Fervid*, to an estate of five thousand a year each, forms the ground-work of the Play. *George*, on being cautioned to beware of impositions in his new sphere of life, resolves to avoid drinking, play, quarrel, love, &c. and in the course of the piece, by a whimsical coincidence of circumstances, falls into every absurdity he had determined to shun.

His brother, *Frederick*, offers his hand to a lady whose affections his former situation in life forbade him to seek, when, in consequence of an old schoolfellow having assumed his name to accomplish the seduction of a clergyman's daughter, *Frederick* is discarded as guilty of the fact; which imputation is, for a time, strengthened by several apparently corroborative incidents. The Comedy concludes with a general *eclaircissement* to the satisfaction of all the characters, and which also appeared to be highly to the satisfaction of the audience.

Such is the outline of the plot. The dialogue is embellished with sentiments of morality, and comic allusion to local and fashionable folly and eccentricities, the force of which was frequently acknowledged.

We are happy in thus speaking favourably of this production, for the Theatre should always be rendered subservient to the interests of morality. Here sentiments should be inculcated which are promotive of human felicity, and here follies should be exposed which involve men in misery and disgrace.

The actors exerted themselves in the exhibition of this Comedy, particularly Mr. Lewis, to whose benefit the night was devoted. The Prologue and Epilogue were by the author of the Comedy; they, likewise, were honoured with no small approbation.

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THE  
*PARNASSIAN GARLAND,*

FOR MARCH, 1799.

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*ON FINDING A FAVOURITE ROBIN,*

FROZEN TO DEATH

IN THE LATE SEVERE SEASON.

**M**Y little friend! thy fate should claim a tear;  
Cold is thy form, and hush'd thy tuneful strain:  
It grieves me much that I no more shall hear  
Thy "wood-notes wild" beneath my thatch again.

The wint'ry blast which howls across the moor  
Hath chill'd the current in thy crimson breast;  
And, Oh! it rends my heart with anguish sore,  
That death has robb'd me of my welcome guest.

When Sol first darted forth his feeble ray,  
Thou flew'st with airy wing around my shed;  
Thy flutt'ring at my window seem'd to say—  
"My mistress kind, Oh! give a little bread."

How did my sparkling eyes with rapture beam,  
When I to thee the scanty boon had giv'n;  
Thou bow'dst thy head to sip the crystal stream;  
It rose again with grateful look to Heav'n.

Then wouldst thou hop around my cheerful fire,  
And flutter still, as tho' still loth to part:  
Unlike to man! for kindness could inspire  
A thankful feeling in a Robin's heart.

Thou saidst: "When spring returns I'll build my nest  
 "Beneath the covert of yon aged tree;  
 "And whilst my young are foster'd in my breast,  
 "I'll teach them songs of gratitude to thee.

"When the first dawn of morn begins to peep,  
 "Their strains from slumber shall thine eyes unclose,  
 "And when, at eve, thou sink'st again to sleep,  
 "Their gentle songs shall soothe thee to repose."

Sweet bird! soft spring shall never visit thee,  
 Thine eyes are clos'd in death's cold gloomy night;  
 In vain once more shall bloom that aged tree,  
 Thy tender brood shall ne'er the woods delight.

Thy little form beneath the sod shall lie,  
 And there the violets of the spring shall bloom;  
 And when my mournful footsteps wander nigh,  
 I'll drop a tear on little Robin's tomb.

SOPHIA.

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### STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHARPE, MILLER, OF  
 NEWPORT, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP TO HONEST WORTH.

**H**USH'D be the noisy clack of yonder mill,  
 And thou, Medina\*, cease awhile to flow;  
 The busy hand of industry be still,  
 For death has laid the Master Miller low.

Clos'd is that nice discriminating eye,  
 Which well descri'd the worth of every grain:  
 Mute is that tongue, which never made reply  
 To wake the blush, or give to virtue pain.

Cease, cease, sweet Redbreast, drop thy cheerful tune,  
 The hand that fed thee must no more appear,  
 To deal to pinching penury its boon,  
 And wipe from sorrow's eye the trickling tear.

\* The river that runs through Newport.

Our SHARPE is gone, protector of the plough†,  
 Who urg'd the *standard bushel* for the poor;  
*Hantonian* shepherds pluck the cypress bough,  
 Now Vecta's honest miller is no more.

Blest by a muse beyond a miller's skill,  
 To him the higher praise of lore is due;  
 He sang your island, every vale and hill,  
 Warm in your praise, and to your interest true.

Mild and accommodating was the man,  
 The tender husband, father, and the friend:  
 Go thou! pursue the Newport Miller's plan,  
 Rever'd thro' life, lamented in his end.

T. N.

SONNET,

ON HEARING A SKY-LARK SING IN THE MIDDLE  
 OF JANUARY.

SWEET bird! that soaring in the noontide ray,  
 Pour'st on the air thy gently less'ning note,  
 Wak'd by the phantom of a vernal day,  
 Too soon, alas! thou tun'st thy little throat.

Yon sun, whose bright'ning orb illumines the lawn,  
 Obscure, in clouds shall shroud his evening beam;  
 Chill blasts shall usher in to-morrow's dawn,  
 And icy chains again shall bind the stream.

So when, of late, on Gallia's cheerful plains,  
 The sun of freedom pour'd the sudden blaze,  
 Full many a poet rais'd th' exulting strains,  
 And strung the sweet symphonious harp to praise:

Alas! unconscious of the days of woe,  
 Reserv'd to bid the tear of bitterest anguish flow.

W. S.

† He was much attached to agricultural improvement.

TO S. C. S.—.

TH' empurpled morn in beauty drefs'd,  
 Has now no cheering beam for me;  
 No more the eve becalms my breast,  
 Since torn from all I love—from thee.

Alas! abroad we seek to find  
 The remedy of care;  
 But nought can soothe the wounded mind,  
 But that which soothes despair.

Ah! soothe me with thy charming smile,  
 No more my passion flight;  
 This shall my darken'd soul beguile,  
 Without it—noon is night.

W. H.

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### SONNET TO A WHITE VIOLET,

SEEN GROWING IN THE SNOW, FEB. 4, 1799.

MODEST, but intrepid flower!  
 How dar'st thou lift thy little head,  
 While angry skies around thee lower,  
 And loads of snow oppress thy bed?

Does mad ambition, flow'ret, seize thee  
 To rival the imprison'd\* light;  
 White are thy leaves, but yet, believe me,  
 They cannot reach a snowy *white*.

But no; fair tenant of the dell!  
 Much do I wrong thy harmless aim,  
 Within thy cold and humble cell,  
 No fires of mad ambition flame.

\* The whiteness of snow is occasioned by the rays of light being refracted and reflected, instead of being transmitted.



When Heaven and nature gave thee birth,  
Thou list'st by *right* thy tender form,  
With head erect; so conscious worth  
Can brave the loudest, fiercest storm.

A richer fragrance can fair virtue boast,  
Than all the tribes that form the flow'ry host.

*Sidbury Vale.*

B.

A SIMILE.

FLOW on, blest stream! thy calm unruffled face  
Reminds me of the philosophic mind,  
By grace ennobled, cheerful, mild, serene,  
Save where the zephyr breath of gentle passions  
Swells the yielding heart; the peaceful breast,  
Enraptur'd, drinks each ray of heav'nly light,  
And shows, reflected in her lucid wave,  
The fair resemblance of the truth she loves.

*October 12, 1798.*

JULIA.

TO A FRIEND.

THOU art not happy, George, tho' partial heaven  
Best blessings, peace and competence, has given;  
Tho' thus with every comfort blest,  
Thy life still free from ills has past away;  
Thou hast no cares to vex thy heart by day,  
Or mingle with thy dreams and break thy rest.

Pleasant has been the past; the future lies  
A plain and easy path before thy eyes,  
No evil to remember, or to dread:  
Shake off, my friend, this shameful discontent,  
No longer let thy truest friends lament  
That Heaven show'rs blessings on the thankless head.

Rouse up thy languid mind, dear George, and learn  
 Action alone the human soul can bless;  
 Rouse up thy mind, that still from toil will turn,  
 Yet sickens with its very idleness.

Go! build th' historic pile—the labour there  
 Shall with its own delight itself repay;  
 Go! to the haunts of wretchedness repair,  
 Relieve the widow, and the orphan bless,  
 And find in ACTIVE VIRTUE—happiness.

A.

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## HENRY AND CHARLOTTE.

### A TALE.

*(Concluded from page 188.)*

NOW Henry roam'd a hopeless youth,  
 E'er brooding on his fate;  
 Snatch'd from the bright reward of truth,  
 By pride's relentless hate.

From day's keen dazzling eye he fled,  
 And friendly aid deny'd—  
 He lov'd the night with gloom o'erspread,  
 And rang'd the forest wide.

And by the mould'ring abbey's tow'r,  
 Where dwelt the lone screech-owl,  
 Oft did he spend the midnight hour,  
 In deep distress of soul.

True to her vows fair Charlotte prov'd,  
 His worth she dearly priz'd—  
 Each tale to wound the man she lov'd,  
 Indignant she despis'd.

The fond epistles which he wrote,  
 With sentiments so rare;  
 In her confinement would she quote,  
 To soften her despair.

The tender strains he sung so sweet,  
 The simple untaught lay,  
 Gave solace in her lone retreat,  
 And cheer'd the penfive day.

But soon these melancholic joys  
 Like visions quickly fled,  
 Disease his baleful art employs,  
 And bows her youthful head.

Transfixt with horror by her side,  
 Her flinty bosom'd fire,  
 Implor'd forgiveness e'er she died,  
 For checking her desire.

Compunction urg'd him to confess,  
 If heav'n his child would spare,  
 That Henry should his Charlotte bless,  
 And all his fortune share.

The blissful news with speed was sent,  
 On wings of love he flew,  
 And when his form he did present,  
 His form she scarcely knew.

"Where, Henry, where has flown thy bloom,

"Thy roses whither gone?

"Are they intwin'd to deck my tomb,

"Thy Charlotte's corse adorn?

"Grieve not, my Henry at our fate,

"Our hapless destiny;

"My father's kindness comes too late,

"To bless my love, and me.

"For Oh! I feel death's fatal dart,

"Shoot through each thiv'ring vein;

"I feel, I feel the painful smart,

"Sever my heart in twain!

"Adieu, thou best of men—adieu!

"Benignant heav'n's in store

"Blessings for thee, who lov'd so true."—

She spake, alas! no more.

Absorb'd in grief, distracted, wild,  
 He kiss'd her clay-cold hand,  
 And then with furious rage revil'd  
 Her father's stern command.

Brief let me be the tale to tell,  
 Young Henry deeply sigh'd;  
 Close to her corse he sudden fell,  
 He struggled, groan'd, and died!

*Fort-street.*

J. S.

### PARODY ON LEWIS'S BALLAD,

ALONZO THE BRAVE, AND THE FAIR IMOGENE.

BAKER so gay and his lady so sweet,  
 Whose bosoms ne'er yet had known care;  
 With souls that expanded each other to meet,  
*Gay Ephraim* the name of the youth spruce and neat,  
 The lady's was *Culy the fair*.

In the parlour they sat, each blessing and blest,  
 'Till *Ephraim* to *fair Culy* said:

"For some other lover will thus heave your breast,  
 "When Britain, by Gallia's proud sons oppress,  
 "Shall call me from you to her aid."

"O never! O never!" *fair Culy* reply'd,  
 "Again shall this heart throb with love;  
 "I ne'er will consent to be made a new bride,  
 "None, none but *Gay Ephraim* shall lie by my side,  
 "Be witness chaste spirits above:—

"If e'er I'm unfaithful to *Ephraim the Gay*—  
 "If e'er with another I wive,

"May your ghost, at the eve of my next bridal day,  
 "First cram me with dough, then its deathly arms lay  
 "Around my vain bosom, and bear me away  
 "To the oven, and burn me alive."

Now Buonaparte came, and war's tumults arise,  
And loud did the Gallic guns roar:  
As light feather'd Mercury darts thro' the skies,  
The youth, clad in armour, right gallantly flies,  
To drive the fierce foe from the shore.

His patriot soul now with ardour did glow,  
And dreading an *alien's* new laws,  
He plung'd where the warm purple current did flow,  
But alas! by a ball was Gay Ephraim laid low;  
And he died in his country's cause.

For twelve months *fair Culy* was ne'er known to smile,  
Not one social comfort she knew;  
But 'ere the gay summer had twice cheer'd our isle,  
Behold all her woes and her cares to beguile,  
Jack Drably shone full on her view.

He laugh'd, and he smil'd, he wink'd, and he leer'd,  
Then with tenderness press'd the frail fair;—  
His words and his looks so bewitching appear'd,  
She gave him her hand, her sunk spirits were cheer'd,  
And her vows became scatter'd in air.

In Hymen's silk cords the fond lovers are bound,  
And each formal rite now is done;—  
The smart repartee with the claret went round,  
When their ears were assail'd with a foreboding sound,  
'Twas the bell at St. Martin's toll'd—*One*.

In martial attire, and with dread awful mein,  
A figure then glided in view;  
How chang'd in a moment the gay festive scene!  
Not an eye but look'd wild! not a breast was serene!  
And the cold drop each cheek did bedew!

E'en the *cat* and her *kittens* aghast stood with fear,  
And silence pervaded the room;  
Not a creature that breath'd but was sunk in despair,  
While the spectre advanced towards *Culy the fair*,  
With an air denoting her doom.

"Oh speak!" cry'd the bride, "your dread purpose reveal,"  
 No sooner her wish was declared,  
 Than quickly aside flew the helmet of steel,  
 His visage no longer intent to conceal,  
 And his plump face and night cap appeared.

The terror increas'd, then with horrible shout  
 All sunk pale as death on the floor;  
 The cricket crept in, and the cricket crept out,  
 And furiously whirl'd his red night-cap about,  
 While the spectre to *Culy* did roar:

"Remember your oath sworn to Ephraim the Gay!  
 "Oh! now with another you wive!  
 "By the furies I'm urg'd, on your curs'd bridal-day,  
 "To cram you with dough, then my deathly arms lay  
 "Around your vain bosom, and bear you away  
 "To the oven, and burn you alive."

Then down fell the doors with a violent crash,  
 The floors did to rottenness turn;  
 The chimneys did rock, and the elements clash,  
 And blue streams of lightning tempestuously flash,  
 And the oven with fury did burn.

He seiz'd, and he hurried her off to her doom,  
 In spite of her shrieks and her tears:—  
 Poor Jack, lost to all, left his dear native home,  
 Alone in a desert distracted to roam,  
 Surviv'd not the fright many years.

And now in the bakehouse strange stories are told,  
 Of imps and hobgoblins and ghosts;  
 More num'rous, more grisly, more footy, more bold,  
 Than e'er struck the brain of lewd friars of old,  
 Or modern romance madly boasts;

In various shapes trip the chambers around,  
 At one stated time in the year;  
 Now they vanish aloft, now they sink in the ground,  
 And the air and the earth with dread wailings resound,  
 And mortals stand trembling with fear.

For Culy's frail vows, Oh, how hard is her lot!

Now round the grim spectre she runs;  
And whipt by the furies with brands flaming hot,  
She dreadfully howls, and they after her trot,

"Buns! fine hot-crofts butter'd buns!"

Worcester, Sept. 10, 1798.

J. H.

### JESSIMA:

OR, THE EFFECT OF INCONSTANCY.

THE moon shed her beam  
On Eden's clear stream,  
Whose current roll'd slowly along;  
And 'mid the sweet shade,  
By gay Flora array'd,  
The nightingale sung her sad song.

When young Jessima stray'd,  
By her lover betray'd,  
Who far from the fair one had flown;  
The loss of her fame,  
In anguish and shame,  
'Twas her hapless doom to bemoan.

To the pure stream she hied,  
And long by its side,  
In great agitation she stood:  
"O, Eugene!" she cried,  
Then rush'd in the tide,  
And sunk in the crystalline flood.

D. J. W.

### SONNET TO MELANCHOLY.

TO thy unhappy courts, a lonely guest  
I come, corroding Melancholy—where  
(Sequester'd from the world) this woe-worn breast  
May yet indulge a solitary tear.

For what shall cheer the wretch's strugg'ling heart,  
 What lead him thro' misfortune's gloomy shades,  
 When retrospection wings her keenest dart,  
 And hope's dim land, in mis'ry's ocean fades?

Adieu for ever! visionary joys,  
 Delusive shadows of a short-liv'd hour;  
 The rod of woe invincible destroys  
 The light, the fairy fabric of your pow'r.

How short of bliss, the sublunary reign!  
 How long the clouded days of misery and pain!

T. GENT.

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ON THE DECEASE OF MISS H. P——\*.

HER suff'rings great, but virtues greater still:  
 Resign'd and pious always was her mind;  
 Repine she did not at her Maker's will,  
 But shew'd devotion of the noblest kind.

Not all her virtues could prevent her fate,  
 But we submit to righteous Heav'n's designs;  
 Oh! had her life been spar'd a longer date,  
 How had the hand been blest that writes these lines!

Maidstone.

R. A.

\* See Lines on this young Lady, by the same hand, in the  
 Garland of December, 1798.

Literary

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## Literary Review.

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*Biographiana: By the Compiler of Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons.* 2 vols. Johnson.

THE present rage for anecdote is certainly one of the traits by which the eighteenth century stands distinguished. Whether it indicates the improvement or degeneracy of the age, we leave to the determinations of casuists, those learned gentlemen who delight in the solution of knotty questions. Certain it is, that every region has been explored for the collection of anecdote; the living and the dead have been forced to contribute their parts towards the gratification of insatiable curiosity.

This anonymous production contains some articles that are trifling, and others that will repay the perusal of them. To the praise of industry the compiler is undoubtedly entitled, and of his judgment in the selection of its contents we have no great reason for complaint. In so motley a work a mixture must be expected, and therefore the motto, *Vario diverso palato*, taken from Horace, may be deemed an apology for the unequal merit by which the volumes are characterized. *A diversity suited to every palate* has been the aim of the compiler, and accordingly readers of very various tastes may receive a portion of entertainment.

The characters concerning which the anecdotes are here related are chiefly theologians, politicians, and painters. Learned men, indeed, in general are introduced, and the second volume closes with a short me-

moir of the celebrated Warren Hastings, Esq; who is here stiled the *Saviour of India*.

Among the articles with which we are more particularly pleased are the following :—

JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD,

REGENT OF FRANCE.

“ Louis XI. being advised to destroy the tomb of this illustrious prince, in the cathedral of Rouen, in Normandy,—“ with whom,” as Charles the Eighth said, “ was buried all the Englishman’s good fortune in France—made this noble reply :—

“ What honour shall it be to us, or to you, to break this monument, and pull out of the ground the bones of him dead, whom, in his life-time, neither my father, nor your progenitors with all their power, were once able to make fly one foot backwards; who, by his strength, policy, and wisdom, kept them all out of the principal dominions of the realm of France, and out of this noble Duchy of Normandy? where, I say first, God save his soul, and let his body remain at rest; which, when it was alive, would have dismayed the proudest of us all. And as for his tomb, I assure you it is not so worthy or magnificent as his honour and actions deserved.”

JOHN WESSELL.

“ Sextus IV. having a great esteem for this learned German, sent for him, and said, “ Son, ask of us what you will; nothing shall be refused to you that becomes our character to bestow, and your condition to receive.” “ Most holy father,” replied he, “ I shall never be troublesome to your Holiness. You know I never sought after great things: the only favour I have to beg is, that you would permit me to take out of your Vatican library a Greek and a Hebrew bible.” “ You shall have them,” said Sextus; “ but what a simple man you are? Why do you not ask for a bishopric?”—“ Because, Holy Father, I do not want one,” replied Wessell.

JOHN CALVIN.

“ Bucer is said to have told this violent and persecuting Reformer, “ You judge as you love, or as you hate: and you love

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love or hate as you think fit."—No very honourable account of the candour and temper of this acute and learned man!

Greater praise was, however, given to his power of memory: "which," according to Beza, "was so great, that he never forgot a person whom he had once seen; and that although he should have been interrupted in the course of his dictation of any thing for many hours, he could return to it as perfectly as if the chain of it had never been broken. Indeed," adds he, "he never forgot any thing which he had ever entrusted to his memory. I speak of such things as it was his duty to remember. His mind was eager and ardent, and therefore received every impression made upon it in a forcible manner. Calvin was like many other persons, who claim for themselves that liberty they deny to others. He caused Servetus to be burnt for differing in opinion with him on religious matters; and afterwards wrote a book, with this title: "A faithful Account of the Errors of Michael Servetus, and a Refutation of them;" in which it is shewn that heretics should be punished with death."

"Had Calvin's doctrine been put in practice against himself by the Catholic party of France, he never would have been able to have exercised it upon Servetus.

"Calvin, the learned, the presumptuous Calvin, in his commentary on the Scriptures, passed by the Apocalypse, giving as a reason, according to Bodin, "that he was not able to understand any thing in so obscure a writer, whose name and history had not been settled by the learned."

"Calvin dedicated his Institutes of a Christian to Francis the First, in which he addresses him with that freedom with which a prejudiced and a persecuting prince should be treated. Joseph Scaliger said of Calvin, "That he was the greatest divine that had ever appeared since the days of the apostles." Happy indeed had it been for him and his disciples had they imitated the apostles, no less in their gentleness than in their wisdom; and had the dove and the serpent been united in their character."

#### BISHOP LATIMER,

"Having one day preached before King Henry VIII. a sermon which had displeased his majesty, he was ordered to preach again on the next Sunday, and to make an apology for

the offence he had given. After naming his text the good Bishop thus began his sermon :—" Hugh Latimer, dost thou know to whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch the king's most excellent majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease. But then consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest, upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God, who is always all present, and who beholdeth all thy ways, and who is able to cast both body and soul into hell together: therefore take care and deliver thy message faithfully;" and then proceeds with the same sermon he had preached the Sunday before, and confirms it with more energy. The sermon being finished, the court was full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain-dealing bishop. After dinner the King calls for Latimer, and with a stern countenance asked him, "How he durst be so bold as to preach in this manner?" He, falling on his knees, replied, "That his duty to his God and to his prince had enforced him thereunto, and that he had merely discharged his duty and his conscience in what he had spoken, and that his life was in his Majesty's hands." Upon this the King rose from his seat, and taking the good man off his knees embraced him in his arms, saying, "Blessed be God I have so honest a servant."

## HENRY STEPHENS.

"In the printing-house of this great scholar every person spoke Latin, from the garret to the kitchen, from the master to the old maid who served in the shop. The brothers were so very anxious to have all books accurately printed at their press, that after diligently examining every sheet twice before they printed it off, they put out a third proof at their door, and promised a Louis d'or to any person that should find a fault in it."

## FENELON, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

"The person of Fenelon is thus described by one who was intimately acquainted with him :—" He was rather tall, well made, lean, and pale. His nose was large and well-shaped. His

His eyes darted fire and vivacity\*. His countenance was such that one never sees any thing like it. Whoever had once seen it could never forget it. It contained every thing, and united contrarieties without their appearing to be at variance. It contained gravity and sweetness, seriousness and cheerfulness. It exhibited equally the man of learning, the ecclesiastic, and the nobleman; but what universally pervaded it, as well as the whole of his person, were finesse, understanding, decorum, the graces, and particular dignity. It required an effort to take one's eyes from him. All his pictures appear to speak; yet no painter could ever reach the proportions, the harmony, and the delicacy of character, that were united in his countenance; his manners answered completely to them; they had an ease, which they gave to other persons; an air of propriety, for which he was indebted to living much in the world, and in the best company, and which extended itself to every thing that he said or did. Beside this, he possessed a natural soft and flowery eloquence, a politeness insinuating, but noble, and proportioned to the persons with whom he was; an elocution easy, neat, and agreeable; and clearness and precision of expression to make himself understood even in treating the most abstracted and the most difficult questions. With all this, he never permitted himself to appear to have more understanding than those with whom he conversed. He put himself upon a level with every one, without letting him feel it; he put him at his ease, and seemed to fascinate him so, that he could not quit him for a moment without desiring to return to him. This rare talent, which he possessed in an eminent degree, kept his friends attached to him all his life, in spite of his exile and his disgrace; and at the unhappy distance at which they were from him, united them in the melancholy pleasure of talking of him, of regretting him, of sighing after his return, and of expecting it with the greatest ardour of desire.—*St. Simon's Memoirs.*

"In the year 1709, a young sovereign prince passed a few days with Fenelon. They had much conversation together, and among other subjects, talked of toleration. The archbishop said to his royal guest, "Never, Sir, oblige your sub-

\* See his portrait by Drevet, one of the finest engravings that great artist ever made.

jects to change their religion ; no human power can force the impenetrable intrenchment of the freedom of thinking. Violence can never convince men ; it can only make them hypocrites. When sovereigns interfere in matters of religion, instead of protecting it, they enslave it. Grant, then, to all men a civil toleration of religion ; not as if you approved of every difference in it, as a matter of indifference ; but as if you permitted every thing with patience that God permitted, and as if you wished to conduct mankind into one opinion by the charms of a soft and gentle persuasion."

"The Telemachus of this prelate gave great offence at court: it was assuredly an indirect satire upon the tyrant Louis XIV. and his sycophantic courtiers, by the general principles of justice and toleration which it taught. Fauduit attacked it with great virulence and folly, in his *Anti-telemachia*, and Louis and his ministers were enraged against its illustrious author. Many persons saw allusions in it to particular characters. Fenelon thus concludes a letter to his pupil the Duke of Burgundy, heir to the crown of France :

"Be the heir of the virtues of St. Louis, before you become the heir of his crown. Call upon him with confidence when you have occasion for his assistance. Remember that his blood runs in your veins, and that the spirit of faith which sanctified him should be the life of your heart. He beholds you from the exalted heights of heaven, where he prays for you, and where he hopes that you will one day reign with him. Unite then your heart to his. *Conserve, mi fili, præcepta patris tui.*"

"Fenelon wrote on the education of young women, at the desire of the Duke de Beauvilliers. In this little book neither the magic of his style, nor the purity of his sentiments, nor his knowledge of life, forsake him.

"All forms of government," said Fenelon one day to the Chevalier Ramsay, "are necessarily imperfect ; for the supreme power in this world must ever be entrusted to man. Yet all forms of government are good, when those who govern attend only to the great law of the public welfare. In theory, perhaps, certain forms appear preferable to others ; but in practice, the weakness and the corruption of mankind, subject to the same passions, expose every state to inconveniences nearly equal in each of them."

"The

"The lively and intrepid Lord Peterborough, who had the misfortune to have his mind tainted with infidel principles, staid a few weeks with the good archbishop at his palace at Cambray, and was so much impressed with the sweetness of his manners, and the benevolence of his disposition, that he told the Chevalier Ramsay, "Upon my word, I must quit the archbishop as soon as I can; for if I stay a week longer, I am a Christian in spite of myself."

From these specimens contained in the *first* volume, it will be seen that even instruction, as well as entertainment, may be derived from this work. The next Number of our Miscellany shall present the Reader with a few articles from the *second* volume, with which he will, we presume, be equally well pleased.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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*Walks in a Forest; or, Poems descriptive of Scenery and Incidents characteristic of a Forest, at different Seasons of the Year. By Thomas Gisborne, M. A. Third Edition. Cadell.*

IN this Author, the seemingly contradictory characters of the poet and the philosopher appear to be united. His treatises on the *Duties of Men*, and also of the *Female Sex*, have been already noticed by us, and few of our Readers, we presume, are unacquainted with them. We now, therefore, proceed to the survey of his poetry, and with many passages contained in this little volume we have been gratified.

Mr. G. does not indulge himself in the sublime flights of imagination, yet his lines display a classical correctness. He faithfully copies nature, which is a trait deserving high commendation. His scenes are pregnant with moral instruction, and are calculated to make the most useful impressions on the minds of the rising generation.

In the perusal of *Walks in a Forest*, we marked down with our pencil several passages which we would gladly introduce

introduce to the notice of the reader. But our quotations must be very limited.

Upon the variety by which nature is embellished, we meet with the following pleasing lines :—

In size, in form, in texture, and in use,  
How various are the tribes whose verdure warms  
And decorates the earth ! Some from the wild  
Untrack'd by foot of man, from mountain glens,  
And rifted precipices starting, urge  
Aloft their tapering boles and knotted strength,  
Destined with fleets to spread the main, or build  
Engines, whose ponderous and convulsive strokes  
Thundering shall rock the ground. With pensile boughs  
Some droop o'er willowy streams, and yield their growth  
For humbler service. Some in grassy pile  
And flowery broidure clad, with fragrance cheer,  
With food sustain, the animated world.  
Yet all, one forming hand, one source supreme,  
Own mid distinctions infinite, one Lord,  
Boundless in might, in wisdom, and in love ;  
And as his eye with vivifying beam  
Smiles, or the golden flood of life withdraws,  
Flourish or fade. Plans of concordant aim  
Speak the same Author. Mark the varied dower  
Of talents given to men. These trace the laws  
That bind the planet to its orb, and heave  
The billowy tide. The helm of empire those  
Rule, in the storm serene ; or poise the scales  
Of justice ; or when mad ambition scoffs  
The sacred league, nor recks the landmark, hurl  
The long-suspected thunderbolt of war.  
Some in translucent narrative recal  
Past ages, or in visionary song  
Heroic worth pourtray. Inventive, some  
Call art, the paths of life with needful aid  
To smoothe, or grace with ornament. Some ply  
The spade and ploughshare, skilful to foreknow  
What best each soil may yield. Vain of his powers,  
Thee, the great Giver, thee, Parent of good,  
Man overlooks or scorns, Thy several gifts,

Harmonious



Harmonious though dissimilar, all conspire  
 To swell the sum of general bliss, all work  
 Thy glory ; all well pleasing in thy sight,  
 Who bad'st the children of the dust perform  
 Each his peculiar office, and combin'd  
 In one vast family with fraternal love,  
 Lend mutual aid, and praise their common God.

We shall conclude with a delineation of the *Pleasures of a Forest*, which will meet the approbation of every feeling mind :—

Man loves the forest. To the general flame  
 My breast is not a stranger. I could rove  
 At morn, at noon, at eve, by lunar ray,  
 In each returning season, through your shades,  
 Ye reverend woods ! could visit every dell,  
 Each hill, each breezy lawn, each wandering brook,  
 And bid the world admire ; and when at last  
 The song were closed, each magic spot again  
 Could seek, and tell again of all its charms.  
 But let me check the partial strain, nor swell  
 With indiscriminate and trivial praise  
 The long description ; lest attending youth  
 And virgin innocence outwearied loathe  
 The injudicious rapture, and contemn  
 What else had touch'd the heart. When Genius dies  
 (I speak what Albion knows), surviving friends,  
 Eager his bright perfections to display  
 To the last atom, echo through the land  
 All that he ever did, or ever said,  
 Or ever thought ; recount the coats he wore,  
 Who made his wig, who served him with rappee ;  
 Whether 'twas March, or April, when he told  
 The story of the pig that cross'd the lane,  
 And tripp'd the ill-fated huckster in the mire ;  
 Whether he cream'd his tea-cup first, or when  
 'Twas fill'd and sugar'd ; whether trout or pike,  
 Veal or boil'd chicken, pleased his palate most.  
 Then for his writings—search each desk and drawer,  
 Sweep his portfolio, publish every scrap  
 And demi-scrap he penn'd ; beg, borrow, steal

Each

Each line he scribbled, letter, note, or card,  
 To order shoes; to countermand a hat,  
 To bid his servant bottle off the ale,  
 To make inquiries of a neighbour's cold,  
 Or ask his company to supper. Thus,  
 Fools! with such vile and crumbling trash they build  
 The pedestal, on which at length they rear  
 Their huge Colossus, that beneath his weight  
 'Tis crush'd and ground; and leaves him dropt afloat,  
 Scarce raised above the height of common men.  
 I would not praise you thus, ye forest wilds!  
 With warm yet sober tints, with pencil true  
 To just discrimination, yet averse  
 To load the o'erlabour'd canvas, I would paint  
 Your choicer scenes. O could I wake the lyre  
 Like him\*, who, lingering on the banks of Ouse,  
 To nature faithful and to nature's King,  
 Pursues the noblest of poetic aims,  
 That only aim which gives the poet's lay  
 A title to the meed of genuine praise;  
 Who, blending† in his song with honest art  
 The faithful monitor's and poet's care,  
 Seeks to delight that he may mend mankind,  
 And while he captivates exalt the soul!  
 He sweeps the lyre: one hand excites the strings,  
 Whence starts each glowing image that presents  
 Perfect as life the charms that deck the face  
 Of earth; the other, with symphonious touch,  
 Rouses the moral chords that swell the heart,  
 And lift it to its God. O were my notes,  
 Ye woodlands, with his sacred fervour warm'd,  
 Sweet as his music; to the slave whom pride  
 Tortures, whom avarice goads, or thirst of power,  
 Long days and sleepless nights has scorch'd; to her  
 Whom dragg'd in triumph at his chariot wheels  
 Imperious Dissipation whirls through life,  
 And hurries from the nursery to the grave  
 Without one interval of thought, or time

\* Cowper.

† See Cowper's Poem's, edit. 4th. vol. i. p. 179, near the top.

To

To ask, "Who placed me here; why was I form'd;  
 "What shall I be hereafter?" I would speak  
 The calm that stills your wilds, their guest o'er spreads  
 Diffusive, creeps along the conscious frame,  
 Bids pause each artery, stays each active limb,  
 Each rebel passion chains, and through the soul  
 Breathes holy peace and universal love.  
 For since the globe first roll'd, in every land  
 Your shades, ye forests, the deluded heart  
 To heavenly meditation still have call'd;  
 And every song, that glorified your God,  
 Have heard with eager gladness. Ye with joy,  
 Fresh from his Maker's hand when man arose,  
 Saw him in wondering homage kneel; ye bade  
 Your yet unpractised echoes swell the sound  
 High as the Eternal's throne, when praise first broke  
 The silence of the new-created world.  
 Ye, when with bloody arm infuriate Rome,  
 Pagan or papal, from the haunts of men  
 Chased the firm band whom truth forbade to yield,  
 Crouch to her priests, and worship at her nod,  
 Ye screen'd their flight, with hospitable gloom  
 Shelter'd their miseries, and with mingling boughs,  
 Vocal to prayer, a sylvan fane supplied.  
 O yet, even yet, your sacred influence breathe,  
 Oft as I tread your leaf-strewn paths; to rest  
 Lull each tumultuous wish; with reverent awe  
 My heart inspire; and, as your stately growth  
 Pursues its heaven-directed aim, exalt  
 My thoughts from earth, and point them to the skies!

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*A Journal of the most remarkable Occurrences that took Place in Rome, upon the Subversion of the Ecclesiastical Government, in 1798. By Richard Duppa. Robinson.*

AMONG the wonderful changes which have been brought about by the French Revolution, we may justly reckon the fall of the papal power, which for centuries

centuries bullied and insulted every Government in Europe. It is remarkable that as France contributed the greatest share to the raising of the papal dominion, so the same country has been destined to effect its overthrow and extinction. To us, the expulsion of the POPE from Rome appears a very interesting circumstance, and accordingly his removal shall be here detailed; it is thus related by the author of this pamphlet, who was an *artist* at Rome when this memorable event happened.

“ From motives doubtless best known to his Holiness, he remained in Rome, to become a prisoner within the walls of his own city. According to his declaration, this would appear to have been from his reliance on the faith, the rectitude and generosity of the republic, and the prudence and moderation of her generals. If these were his real sentiments, one cannot help most sincerely regretting that he was so kept in the dark by his false friends, and that he was not better informed of the true character of his enemies; for before they had been three days in possession of his capital, they made barracks for their foldiers in his palace; and in less than a week they contracted *his liberty*, by confining him to his own rooms, and put the seals of confiscation upon every thing that he had.

“ It was demanded of him also to give an account of the treasury of Loretto, which had been removed previous to the peace of Tolentino; but to this question, I understand, his Holiness gave a very satisfactory reply, intimating, that it was for them to ask of certain commissaries and generals, who had made the same inquiries before them, and who had not been contented with only the treasury of Loretto, but that his own tiara, and even contributions from all the nobility of Rome, had been made to satisfy their demands.

“ He was asked to sign the renunciation of his temporal power, which he refused, on the ground of doing an injustice to his successors; but at length, when he was constrained to comply, he underwrote (it was said) the resignation to this effect, “ *Noi cediamo l'autorità nostra agl' ordini superiori.*”

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Pio Sesto\*." And this is perfectly consonant to one of the edicts that he was obliged to publish, when the French made use of his authority before they formally annulled his power, which begins in these words: "In seguito degli ordini superiori si denuncia a tutte le persone dello stato ecclesiastico di qualunque grado, e condizione†," &c.

G. DELLA PORTA, *Tesoriere Generale.*

"The time was now come, however, when it was more desirable entirely to send him out of the way, in order that his effects might be disposed of with a better grace. To have left the old man without any furniture in the rooms to which he was confined, might have been considered cruel by the public, though perhaps of too trifling importance to have merited any consideration by the persons interested in the plunder.

"Previous to his departure, great pains were taken to make it generally believed, that he was himself desirous of quitting Rome. But if even this were true, it reflected little honour on the benevolence of the invaders, since it required a very superficial degree of reflection to know, that the same man who had voluntarily waited for the enemy in his house, at the expence of the inevitable sacrifice of his country, would not afterwards, loaded with age and infirmity, have been desirous of quitting his only residence, to be a fugitive in a foreign country, and a dependant on foreign princes, if he could have been sure of peace and security at home. It was decreed, however, that he was to go; and on the morning of the 20th of February, about seven o'clock, he left Rome, accompanied by three coaches of his own suite, and a body of French cavalry, to escort him safe into Tuscany; and on the 25th he arrived at Sienna, where he was requested to remain till further orders. Here he was received into the monastery of the Dominicans, whose members sorrowfully welcomed him at the gate, and offered all that their convent could bestow, to console him for his fallen honours!"

\* We cede our authority to force. *Pius the Sixth.*

† Yielding to the orders of our superiors, we denounce all persons of the ecclesiastical state, of whatever rank or condition, &c. &c.

G. DELLA PORTA, *Treasurer General.*

Whilst the papist regrets the fall of his holiness, protestants rejoice in the event. Not that we are insensible to his sufferings as a man, but that we discern in these changes the accomplishment of certain predictions, the fulfilment of which is connected with the felicity and welfare of mankind. Nor would we hereby intimate that the French are the less criminal in their ravages on other nations. It is the usual plan of Providence to employ the vilest instruments for the purposes of his glory.

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*Narrative of the Loss of the Ship Hercules, commanded by Capt. Benjamin Stout, on the Coast of Caffraria, the 16th of June, 1796; also a Circumstantial Detail of his Travels through the Southern Deserts of Africa, and the Colonies to the Cape of Good Hope. With an Introductory Address to the Right Hon. John Adams, President of the Continental Congress of America. Johnson.*

THIS respectable American writes with ability, and throws much light on the most uncivilized quarter of the globe. He contends that an unfair account has, in general, been given by interested persons of the African savages. He found them kind and benevolent. To him and his unfortunate crew they behaved with the utmost tenderness. He has, therefore, a right to pronounce their eulogium, and we are glad to observe that, even among *savages*, sentiments and deeds are to be found so honourable to humanity.

“Before I proceed in this Narrative,” says Capt. Stout, “I will endeavour to give the reader some idea of the country that lay before us when we landed on the beach; a few traits likewise of the general character of the natives, and explain their motives for not suffering us to depart until the fourth day; and which, for some time, appeared so ambi-

guous,

guous, as to give both me and my people the most serious inquietude.

"During our miserable abode under the sand-hills, we frequently contemplated the scene before us. Nearly as far as the eye could travel, we beheld a country finely wooded, and considering the season, which was their winter, producing a most bountiful vegetation. Their cattle appeared in such prodigious numbers as to baffle calculation; and their condition, which was equal to the best fed oxen in Great Britain, clearly demonstrated the richness of their pasturage. Sheep were not to be discovered, nor could we perceive the most distant traces of agricultural labour.

"The country in our view was of an immense extent, yet surrounded by a chain of hills that appeared to contain the fountains of those numerous rivulets which glided through the plain in a variety of directions. The *mimosa tree* appeared native to the soil, and the woods were so beautifully interspersed, as to give the lands all the appearance of a plantation originally designed by art, and afterwards perfected by the hand of elegance. In my opinion, the whole wanted nothing but villages, corn, and inhabitants, to render this spot an enviable abode for the most enlightened and luxurious of our countrymen.

"The natives who received us on the shore, and whose humanity we experienced in the hour of our misfortune, are a *Caffree tribe*, known by the appellation of *Tambouchis* or *Tambuckees*. They have been described as the most *ferocious, vindictive* and *detestable* class of beings that inhabit the vast and fertile territory of *Caffraria*, not yielding even to the *Bojshimen* in every act of massacre, inhumanity, and devastation.

"A calumny so undeserved, so atrocious, and possibly so mischievous in its tendency, I cannot suffer to pass without censure and contradiction; nor can I at this moment reflect on the genuine character of these people without considering their calumniators as a banditti of *christian* ruffians, who propagate these slanders for the purpose of covering their own enormities; and which, if not stopped by the hand of power, must eventually lead to a total extirpation of a harmless and unoffending race. Had they really been *savages*, and felt like their *christian persecutors*, "no compunctious visitings of nature," they would have destroyed the whole of my unfortu-

nate crew, and this massacre might have been perpetrated without the natives running even the hazard of a punishment. The clothing of my people, although of little value in a country of trade and civilization, would have been to them a most important acquisition, or they could have gratified, nay, even *satiated* cruelty, by stripping and leaving us naked to all the horrors of the wilderness, a prey to famine, or the wild and ferocious animals of the deserts. But these humane, yet *calumniated savages*, FELT AS MEN whose souls were truly affected at our misfortunes, and acting from the virtuous impulse of their nature, voluntarily gave, to the unhappy, *consolation and support*. We were mostly *whites*, but still they were our friends. The black and voluminous catalogue of miseries, which they and their progenitors had so long endured from *savages* of our colour, faded at once on their remembrance when they beheld our distresses.—Such was the conduct, and such are the native feelings of the *honest, honest TAMBOUCHIS*.

“The profligate character ascribed to these unoffending people, originated in motives of still superior wickedness. The *colonists* are the *fabricators* of these tales, and propagate them throughout the country, and at the Cape, with uncommon industry.—When the natives incensed at an unprovoked and designed aggression of a colonist, retaliates and kills a *white man*, the intelligence is sure to be conveyed immediately to the seat of government, but without ever so much as hinting at the real cause of the dispute. The poor savages are described as a herd of *wolves* prowling throughout the country, and devastating wherever they come. The *christian* farmers seizing this opportunity, immediately assemble, penetrate the country of the people they call their enemies, and then massacre *entire hordes*, without any distinction of sex or infancy. Their object being chiefly to get possession of the *cattle*, they drive whole herds before them, and then wait until they hear of more being within their reach, when a similar depredation is committed. To elucidate this matter still farther, I shall here relate an anecdote which I learnt in the course of our proceeding towards the christian settlements.

“One of our guides suddenly called out to the party to halt. On my desiring to know his reason, he said, “be so good as to look attentively on the spot where you now stand ;

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it is an unfortunate place, but worthy your consideration."—Not observing any thing that particularly arrested my notice, I requested he would explain himself.—“On this spot,” continued the *savage*, “two of my countrymen a few years since were employed in attending their cattle. At that time we enjoyed a profound peace with the colonists, and harboured no suspicion of their intending to injure us. In a moment, however, our two men were fired upon from yonder thicket. One fell dead on the spot, the other, being only wounded, was so fortunate as to make his escape. The settlers then took possession of our cattle, and drove them home to their farms. Intelligence of this *murder* and *robbery* was soon conveyed throughout the hordes, and occasioned the last war between the *Colonists* and the *Caffrees*.”

“The poor fellow told this melancholy story with so much feeling and simplicity, that I could entertain no doubt of his veracity. I then asked him, if *all* the *colonists* were of this abominable disposition? He answered, “I hope not;” and indeed, on this occasion, I conceive it would be unjust in me to publish any thing that might be mistaken for a *general censure* on the whole of the *settlers*. There are exceptions, and I think it necessary this should be understood, as I have known many of them who hold the general conduct of their *marauding neighbours* in the utmost abhorrence, and wish for nothing more sincerely than their expulsion from the colonies.

“Our two guides likewise explained the reasons why the *Caffrees* detained us so long. They told us, that when they consulted together respecting our departure, it was resolved, not to suffer us to proceed until they got every thing that could be procured from the wreck. They conceived we would inform the colonists of our misfortune; and that notwithstanding they had no right to pass the *Fish River*, still they knew the settlers would come in search of plunder, and which really happened, as I have observed in my introduction to this Narrative.

“I then asked one of the guides, if his countrymen had, during our stay under the sand-hills, ever meditated our destruction. The *good savage* seemed offended at this question; he shook his head, and emphatically declared, they never once entertained such an inhuman thought. “No, no, no,” he said, “that would be a very bad thing.—We kill nobody

but in war.—No, no, no, indeed no!" His answer was thus interpreted to me, and dismissing the horrid appellation of *savage* at once from my recollection, I embraced him as my *deliverer* and my friend."

The detail of the travels here given to the Cape of Good Hope is replete with entertainment. It chains down the attention in a most pleasing manner. We are delighted with the urbanity of the Caffrarians, and rejoice in the safety and deliverance of the shipwrecked mariners.

In the Introductory Address the American President is invited to colonize certain parts of Africa, though we are of opinion that Mr. Adams will first of all attend to the more entire civilization of the Western Continent.

The following anecdote relative to the tempest, is worthy of preservation:—

"At a period when the tempest raged with the utmost violence, I had directed most of the crew below, particularly the *Lascars*, to work the pumps. One of them, however, I perceived coming up the gang-way with a handkerchief in his hand; and on my enquiring what he was about, he told me, and in a tone of voice that discovered a perfect confidence in the measure he proposed, that he was going to make an offering to his God. "This handkerchief," said he, "contains a certain quantity of rice, and all the rupees I am worth; suffer me to lash it to the mizen top, and rely upon it, sir, we shall all be saved."—I was going to order him back again to the pumps; but recollecting that in so doing I might throw both him and his countrymen into a state of despondency, and thereby lose the benefit of their exertions, I acquiesced. The *Lascar* thanked me, and I soon beheld this child of prejudice mount the tottering ladder without discovering a single apprehension. He lashed the handkerchief to the mizen top mast head, fearless of all danger, and arrived in safety on the deck. After assuring me *his God* was now my friend, he went below to inform his brethren, that he had done his duty; all the *Lascars* seemed transported with joy, embraced their  
virtuous

virtuous companion, and then laboured at the pumps with as much alacrity and perseverance, as if they had encountered, before, neither apprehension nor fatigue. To their unceasing labours, I owe in a great measure the preservation of my people."

Speaking of the spot where they were shipwrecked, the following melancholy information will be interesting to our Readers:—

"This being, as I conceived, at no great distance from the spot where the *Grosvenor* was lost in 1782, I enquired of the natives, whether any of them remembered such a catastrophe. Most of them answered in the affirmative, and, ascending one of the sand-hills, pointed to the place where the *Grosvenor* suffered.

"I then desired to know of them, whether they had received any certain accounts respecting the fate of Captain Coxson, who commanded the *Grosvenor*, and who was proceeding on his way to the Cape, with several men and women passengers, who were saved from the wreck. They answered, that Captain Coxson and the men were slain. One of the chiefs having insisted on taking *two* of the white ladies to his *kraal*, the captain and his people resisted, and not being armed, were immediately destroyed. The natives, at the same time, gave me to understand, that at the period when the *Grosvenor* was wrecked, their nation was at war with the colonists; and as the captain and his crew were *whites*, they could not tell, provided they reached the christian farms, but they would assist the colonists in the war. This affected my situation so directly, that I desired to know on what terms the Caffres and the colonists then stood.—"We are friends," said they, "and it will be their fault if we are not always so."

"This answer relieved me from a very serious embarrassment; but the fate of the two unfortunate ladies gave me so much uneasiness, that I most earnestly requested of them to tell me all they knew of their situation; whether they were alive or dead; and if living, in what part of the country they were situated. They replied, and with apparent concern, that one of the ladies had died a short time after her arrival at the *kraal*; but they understood the other was living, and had several children by the chief.—"Where she now is," said they, "we know not."

Capt.

Capt. Stout, in his general observations at the end, remarks, that these savages have no idea either of the existence of a God or of a future state. These fundamental principles of religion, however, he would have taught them, but enters his protest against the introduction of the Christian religion amongst them. In this we cannot join him. The chief plea assigned by him for this strange sentiment is—that the uncharitableness and persecution to be found amongst the professors of Christianity, would embitter their peace and destroy their happiness. But surely Capt. Stout cannot be ignorant that the Christian world is improved in this respect, and that pure religion is not answerable for the abuses by which it may be disgraced. The absurd doctrines for the propagation of which so much hatred has been generated and so much blood spilt, are now in a great measure abandoned. The use of reason in religion is becoming every day more and more prevalent, and Christians begin every where to know and feel that the great characteristic badge of their profession is the *loving of one another*! It is, however, mortifying to reflect, that the temper and conduct of professors should be so inimical to the interests of the Christian religion. In the opinion of Capt. Stout, a sensible and benevolent man, and who professes to be a *believer*, it is deemed a sufficient reason against the diffusion of revelation in other parts of the globe.

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*The British Nepos; or, Youth's Mirror: being Select Lives of Illustrious Britons, who have been distinguished by their Virtues, Talents, or remarkable Progress in Life, with Incidental and Practical Reflections. By William Marvor, LL. D. Law.*

WE are so partial to biography of every description, that we are always glad to meet with its volumes when executed with care and ability. To young persons,

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sons, in particular, it possesses innumerable charms, and it opens the directest avenues to the heart. This little work pleases us much. Its lives are well selected, the incidents judiciously chosen, and the reflections pertinent and impressive. We are, however, sorry to perceive a *school-book* stuffed with so many strange and uncouth words:—*Exacerbated—mundane—elicited—expatriated—tortuous—ousted*, &c. are terms highly improper, for they deform and degrade a style by whomsoever they are adopted. We recommend the worthy author to expunge them in a second edition.—In most other respects the work is entitled to commendation.

By way of specimen we bring forward the life of *William Harvey*, the illustrious discoverer of the CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

DR. WILLIAM HARVEY ;

BORN 1578.—DIED 1657.

“ In every walk of life, and in every profession, Britain has reason to be proud of her sons. The healing art in particular, has not only been carried to a very great degree of practical perfection by some of our illustrious countrymen, but many of the most valuable and salutary discoveries in physiology and anatomy, exclusively belong to them. No one, however, has gained more glory than Harvey. His investigations led to the most important ends, and tend to the benefit of all mankind, to the latest posterity. They throw a lustre on his profession and his name, which envy cannot tarnish or malevolence conceal.

“ This celebrated physician was the eldest son of a genteel family, settled at Folkstone, in Kent. When he had reached his tenth year, he was sent to the grammar-school at Canterbury, where being well imbued with classical learning, he was removed at an early age to Gonvil and Caius college, Cambridge. In this university he diligently applied to such studies as were fundamentally connected with medicine; and after six years spent on the banks of Cam, he commenced his foreign travels with a view solely to proficiency in his destined profession,

profession. Retiring to Padua, in Italy, he attended the lectures of the famous Fabricius of Aquapendente, on anatomy; of Minodaus on pharmacy; and of Casserius on surgery. Under such distinguished masters, with a mind naturally inquisitive, and wholly devoted to medical studies and researches, his progress must have been rapid; but whether he had yet conceived the idea which led to his future fame, is a fact that cannot now be unveiled. He stayed to graduate in that university; and at the age of twenty-four, returned to his native land.

"Being immediately admitted to the degree of doctor in physic at Cambridge, he settled in London, and entered on the practice of his profession. By gradual advances he rose to considerable eminence; was chosen a fellow of the college of physicians, and appointed physician to St. Bartholomew's hospital.

"In 1615, he was chosen by the college to read an anatomical and chirurgical lecture, and it is probable that this gave him the first opportunity of disclosing his sentiments respecting the peculiar structure of the heart, and the circulation of the blood. His ideas on this subject he threw out with caution, and gradually developed the important principles to which they led; but when he had thoroughly canvassed his own hypothesis, fortified it by arguments, and confirmed it by reiterated experiments, he published, at Frankfort, a Latin treatise, concerning "the Motion of the Heart and Blood." This work, in the opinion of the best judges, is a masterpiece of perspicuity in arrangement, and nervous reasoning; nor was its literary merit inferior to the sublime doctrines it was intended to establish.

"But though Harvey's discovery was of the last importance in the healing art, and deserved the candid reception, if not the high approbation of all, he met with that fate which superior merit must not hope to escape. He was envied by those who could not comprehend the value of his doctrine; he was traduced by the dull plodders in the trammels of established prejudices, who could not reach his heights. His own profession in particular for some time regarded his opinions as heretical or dangerous, and if they were not able to confute him, they raised a war of words, in which argument was lost, and truth and reason treated as the worst of enemies. It ap-

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appears from a letter of Harvey to one of his friends, that in proportion as he deserved reputation, his practice as a physician diminished; and that the most ignoble arts were used to depress a man whom obloquy could not depreciate, and whose applause was one day to become universal.

"Even foreign physicians entered warmly into the controversy, and either attacked the truth of his hypothesis, or denied him the praise of originality. It is thus in every branch of science, and in every great and meritorious performance. Those who have benefited or enlightened mankind, have generally been made the victims of their virtues or knowledge; and envy, which cannot endure to behold living worth, has relented only at the grave.

"But Harvey, though he suffered from the storm, had the singular felicity to live to see its fury spent, and the world pressing forward to pay him the homage due to an original genius, and a benefactor to his kind. The more his system was criticised, the more its validity was established; and like gold which had been tried, it came brighter out of the furnace. By degrees the doctrine of the circulation of the blood was generally received, and men began to wonder why such a palpable truth had so long been undiscovered or opposed.

"In 1623, King James appointed Dr. Harvey a supernumary physician in ordinary, with a promise he should succeed on the first vacancy. He was afterwards made physician to Charles I. and attended his majesty at the battle of Edge-hill and from thence to Oxford, where he was incorporated doctor in physic. Soon after, by the king's particular recommendation, he was elected warden of Merton college in that university; but the power of the parliament prevailing, he was obliged to relinquish this office, and retired to the vicinity of London.

"In 1651, he published a very valuable book on the generation of animals; but being obnoxious to the domineering party, for his adherence to Charles, his house was plundered of all the furniture, and all his manuscripts carried off, and irrecoverably lost.

"Next year, however, having lived to silence envy, and to make opposition ashamed of shewing its face, a statue was erected to his honour by the college of physicians; and two years after he was chosen president of that body, in his absence.

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This distinction he declined with due acknowledgements, on account of his age and encreasing infirmities; but as a testimony of his gratitude, having no children, he made the college his heirs, and settled his whole paternal estate upon them. He had previously built a room for them to assemble in, and fitted up a library; and now he instituted an annual commemoration of benefactors, with a proper salary, and attended the first in person. The Harveian oration still continues to be delivered; and the aspiring and ingenious physician who is appointed to pronounce it, has thus an honourable opportunity of shewing his taste, his learning, his skill, or his discoveries, before the most competent judges.

“ During the latter part of his life, Harvey became a martyr to the gout; and resigned his breath with general admiration and regret, on the 3d of June, 1657. He was buried at Hampstead, in Essex, where a monument was erected to his memory.

“ Besides being eminently skilled in every branch of science more immediately connected with his profession, he was well versed in general literature. He was laboriously studious, regular, and virtuous in his life; and not only an excellent physician, but an excellent man. His modesty, his candour, and his piety, were equal to his knowledge; and the more he penetrated into the wonders of nature, the more he was inclined to adore its divine author. With regard to his grand discovery, the circulation of the blood, it was soon confessed to be founded on the solid basis of reason and experience, and can never be controverted. Of what consequence it was in the art of medicine may be inferred from this, that it is, perhaps, impossible to define health and sickness in fewer words, than “that the former is a free, and the latter an obstructed circulation.”

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Maria to Henry* is not sufficiently poetical for insertion. With regret we refuse communications, but the choice of our articles *must* be made with discrimination. Young authors are too apt to be enamoured of their compositions, we therefore recommend them carefully to revise their productions, and such advice should not be despised. Too great care both in prose and poetical compositions cannot be exercised. The perusal of *Blair's Lectures on the Belles Lettres*, will refine the taste and facilitate improvement.—Other Favours are under consideration.



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*Blackburne Sc.*

HUGH BLAIR D.D.

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